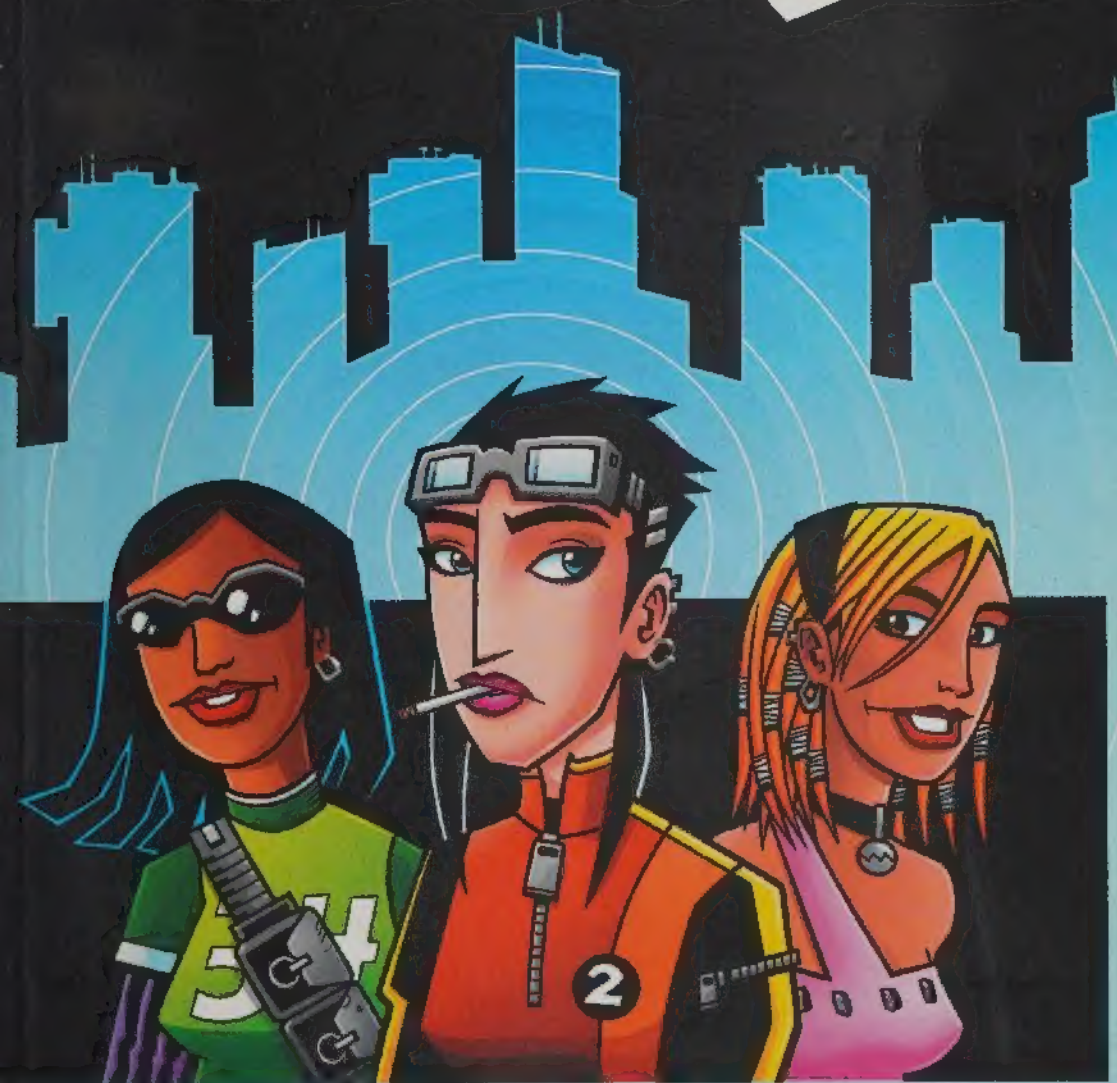
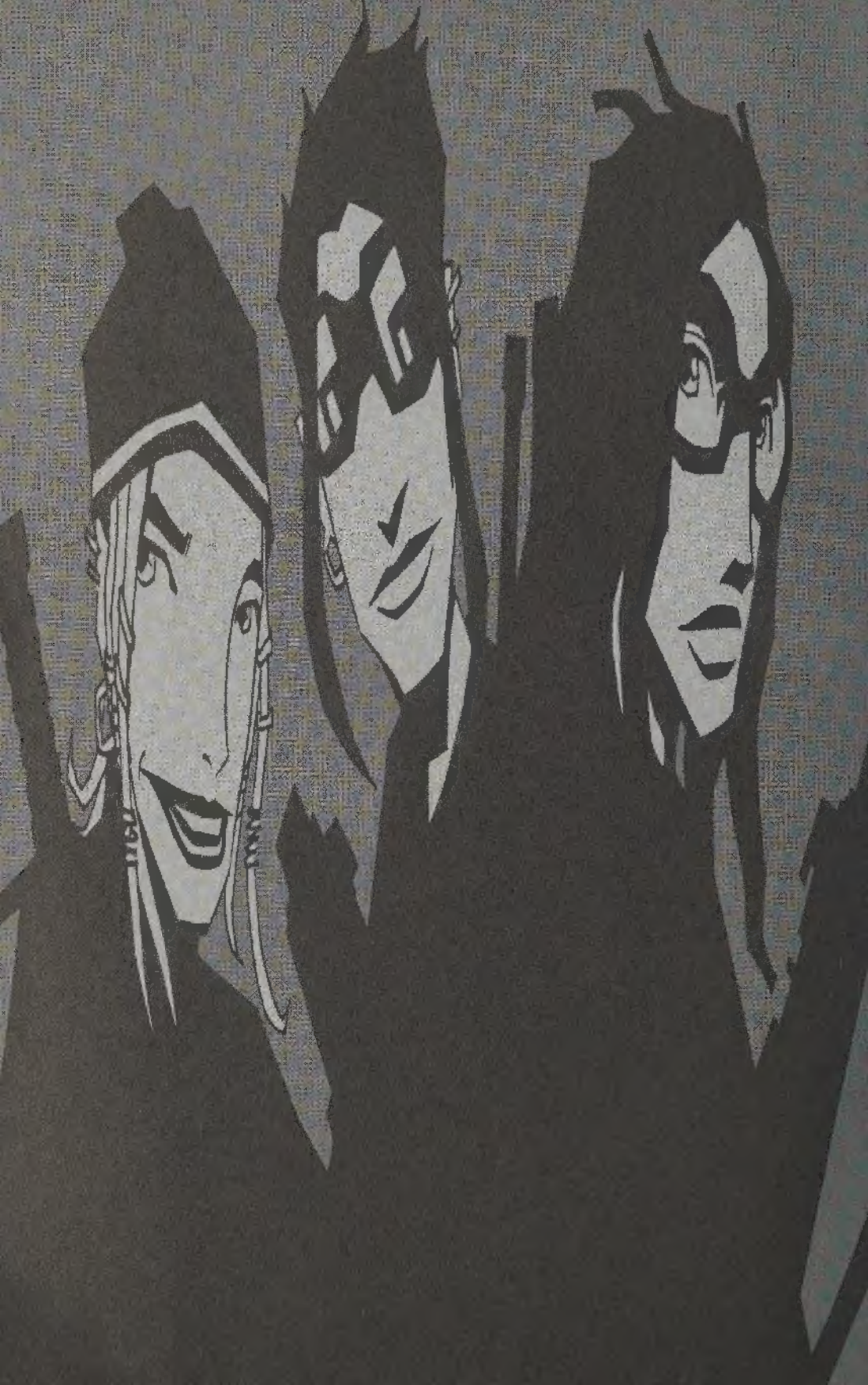


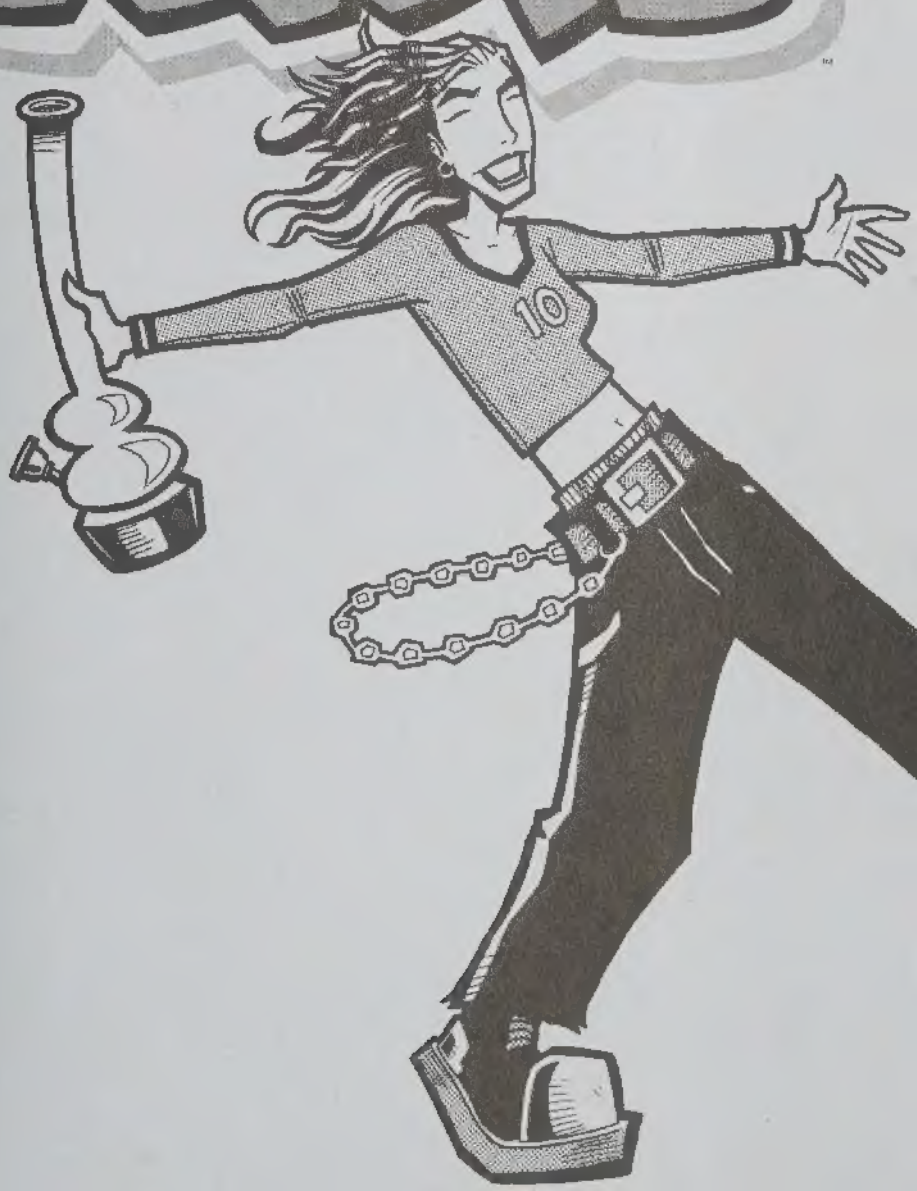
GRRL SCOUTS



★ JIM MAHFOOD ★



GIRL SCOUTS





GRAY SCOTS

TM

written and illustrated by
jim mahfood

lettered by sean konot
cover colors by guy major
introduction by paul friswald

edited by jamis a. rich
book design by steve at serve
additional editing on original series by bob schreck



chapter break tones by jack gray

This collection is dedicated, with great love and respect, to the memory of Michael James Hofer (1976-2000)

Published by image comics office of publication:
5125 E. Batavia St. Suite A, Orange, CA 92667.

For Image Comics

Jim Valentino, publisher • Eric Stephenson, director of marketing • Brent Braun, director of production
Traci Hale, controller/foreign licensing • Brett Evans, art director • Allen Hui, web developer
Cindie Espinoza, accounting assistant • Tim Hegarty, book trade coordinator

Image and its logos are ® and © 2003, Image Comics, Inc. All rights reserved.

Grrl Scouts Vol. I. Second Printing. This book collects Grrl Scouts #1-4, originally published by Dni Press, Inc.

Grrl Scouts is ™ and © 2003 Jim Mahfood. All rights reserved.

The events and characters presented in this publication is fictional. Any similarities to events or persons living or dead is purely coincidental. No portion of this publication may be reproduced by any means without the expressed written permission of the copyright holder, except for artwork used for review purposes.

Contact the author at:

40oz. Comics

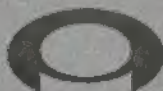
P.O. Box 368

Burbank, CA 91503

email: jimmahfood23@yahoo.com

www.40ozcomics.com

Printed in Canada



WWW.IMAGECOMICS.COM

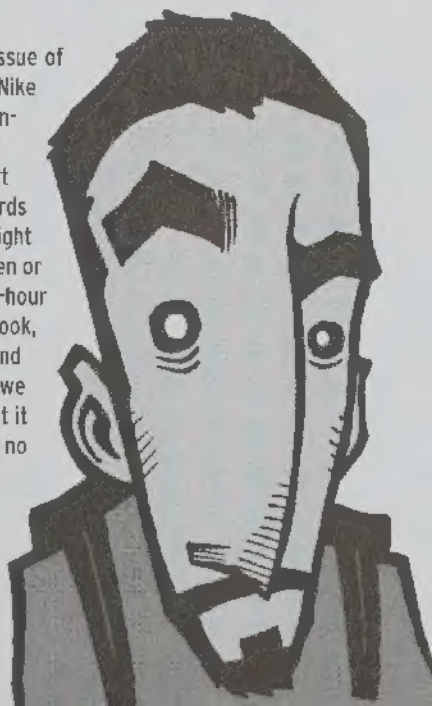
the jimmi mahfood experience

by Paul Friswald

The first time I met Jim Mahfood, I was drinking malt liquor on the roof of the Design Building at the Kansas City Art Institute with my buddy Mike Huddleston; below us, a Finnish performance artist was emerging naked from a tank of water to a soundtrack of cheesy industrial synthesizers. Jim was a freshman at the time, and Mike and I had heard that he had done some freelance inking for Caliber Comics. We hoped to con him into working for free on Mike's book, *Wireless*. Pencilling and inking the first issue while going to school full-time had almost killed Mike, so when we heard there was an experienced inker at school, we figured he could cut that workload in half. Mike pitched him the idea, and Jim agreed to sign on as the inker at just about the same time the nude Finn was toweling off with an American flag. This is what metaphysicists refer to as "ominous synchronicity," in that the events surrounding Jim meeting Mike and I (drinking, cheesy music, the prospect of a huge workload with no paycheck and occasional nudity) continued to play themselves out over and over again in various permutations and complications while we pursued our dreams of getting filthy stinking rich off of making our own comic books (our American Dream, represented by Old Glory draped around a naked foreigner's dewy ass). Mike and I thought we had scored a huge coup: Jim was a paid professional, and having him involved made us professional by association. We could almost smell the money. Months later, Jim told us that he felt he had pulled off the coup; he'd been at art school less than a week and had already stumbled into a comic book job. If we had known then that the pursuit of our dream would take us on a journey very similar to the one experienced by the naked Finn's flag/towel, we probably would have had a lot more to drink.

The school year passed and a little progress was made on the next issue. We knew that if we wanted to get anywhere, we were going to have to make hay during the summer, when there were no art classes to interfere with our dream. We rented a house with two other art students, thus beginning our ongoing battle with cheesy music. Roommate #1 professed to like hip hop and funk, which flows through Jim's body in rippling waves: what roommate #1 actually listened to was Pop Will Eat Itself, the antithesis of hip hop, funk, or any other recognized genre of tolerable music. Roommate #2 had his own punishment for us. He had purchased a set of conga drums with his student loan money, but unfortunately forgot to purchase a sense of rhythm with them. We were tortured nightly by his spastic marathons of drum abuse to pre-recorded salsa music. Jim usually countered with Ice Cube, while Mike favored Mr. Bungle's first album at 90 decibels. Me, I purchased headphones and got a job working overnight at a grocery store.

While waging this war against shite music, we worked on the second issue of *Wireless*, driven by a work ethic that could have landed us jobs at a Nike sweat shop. Mike spent eleven or twelve hours a day at his desk, pencilling at the furious rate of a finished page every two days. He would have churned out more, but Mike threw away the majority of his output at the end of the day because it didn't meet the impossibly high standards he set for himself, a habit he retains even today. Jim spent seven or eight hours a day working at a movie theater, then came home to ink for seven or eight hours. On his days off from the theater, he inked a full twelve-hour shift, just like Mike. We both worked to keep up with Mike. It was his book, his ideas, his art, and he set the pace. Jim and I felt that if we didn't spend every spare moment on the book, we were worthless. The book was all we had going for us: our workload cut us off from the rest of the world, but it held the three of us together. There were no girlfriends, no parties, and no whining. There was also no money, which sort of facilitated the "no girlfriends/no parties" thing. My job at the grocery store covered the bills, and I ate a lot of stolen food while on the clock. Mike and Jim, however, relied on the checks their parents sent once a month. After paying his share of the rent and bills, Jim had exactly fifteen dollars left. His paycheck from the movie theater was earmarked for tuition,



so that fifteen dollars had to last a month. Four dollars of this went to food: day old bread (two loaves for 89 cents) and a huge jar of generic peanut butter. For the first eight months we lived together, I don't think I saw Jim eat anything else. Mike wasn't in much better shape financially, but he preferred Ramen, which is even cheaper than peanut butter, but not as edible. The smell of Ramen still makes me nauseous. These sumptuous feasts were consumed with our favorite roommate, TV. TV brought us the Simpsons, but he also brought the occasional nudity into our otherwise monastic lives. Every night at 2 a.m., we would stagger away from our desks and drawing tables to watch Jenny Jones and her parade of stripper makeovers while eating our meager fare. TV's flashy younger brother, Cable, eventually moved in, and then we experienced the perverse joys of watching a pre-breast-implant Nicole Eggert (of "Charles in Charge" and later, "Baywatch") woodenly simulate sex with one of the Corey's (either Haim or Feldman, I never could tell them apart). This movie must occupy a special place in Jim's heart, because he watched it every time it was on. If Jim ever consents to do another film adaptation in comics, I'm sure this is the one he'll pick.

By the end of that summer, we were starving, ink stained, and more broke than ever. It turned out the roommate who had secured the loan we needed to print *Wireless* #2, had spent the entire five thousand dollars on cigarettes, Pringles, and *Li'l Abner* hardcover reprints. That's when the drinking began in earnest. We spent the next three years sending submissions to every company in comics, traveling to conventions, and trying to scrape up enough money to self-publish. Jim eventually made it, primarily on the strength of the book you're holding right now. Mike is hovering on the edge of a big break (what, for the third time now, Mike?) and is bound and determined to make it this time (check out his stuff with Phil Hester in *The Coffin*, coming soon from Oni). They're a long way from that hot, filthy house we shared in Kansas City, but the stink of that year permeates everything they do. You don't emerge from something that intense unscathed. In a lot of ways, I miss it. I don't miss the poverty, or the smell of our bathroom, or the relentless arrhythmic drumming of roommate #2: I miss our games of Simpson's Trivia Challenge; and 40 oz Coit .45's on the porch, and the thrill of watching Mike and Jim turn blank pages into art. Jim must miss it, too, or else he wouldn't have asked me to dredge it all up again.

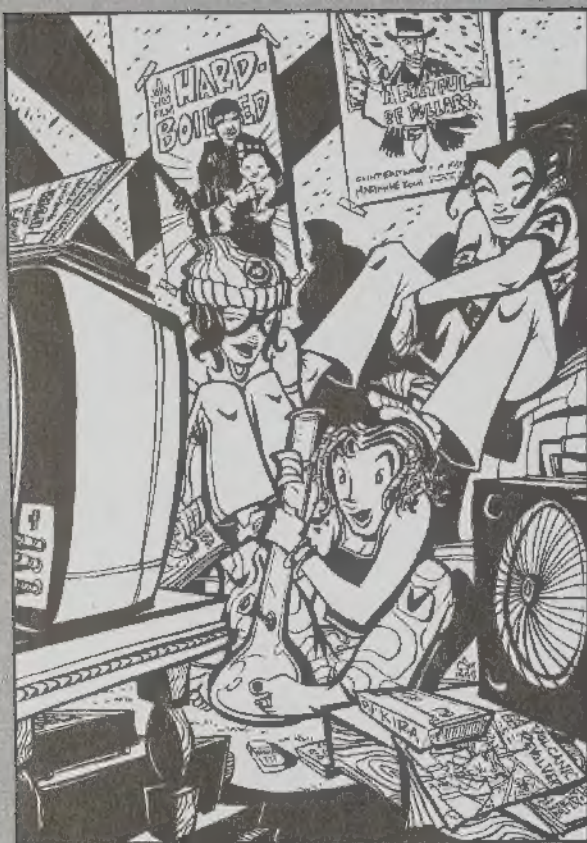
Play on, playa.



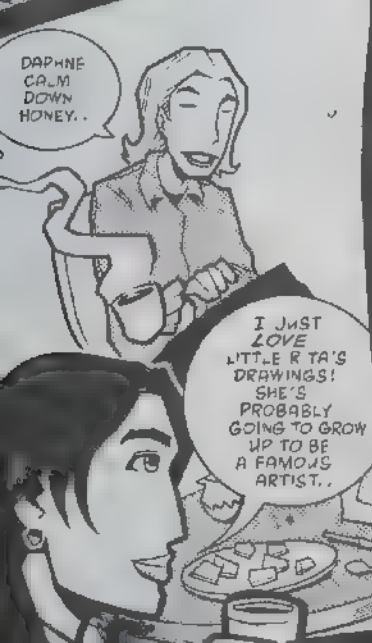
Paul Friswald lived with Jim Mahfood and Mike Huddleston in Kansas City from 1993 to 1996. During this time, Paul wrote the scripts for the 400z Comics series, *Wireless*, which Huddleston and Mahfood illustrated. In 1996, Friswald and Mahfood collaborated on the hilarious self-published zine, *Happy Valentine's Day, Cocksucker*. Paul currently resides in St. Louis and writes music reviews for the *River Front Times*.

chapter one





Chapter one gallery by
 Scott Morse and Andi Watson



FREAK CITY,
1999...

A
TRIBE
CALLED
QUEST.

PETER TOSH
LEGALIZE IT

IN PRESS
REACHES ALL
TIME LOW
AGREES TO
PUBLISH
MANFORD'S
COMICS
IN THIRTEEN

COMICS
NEWS

NUKE MARK
HILLER PASSES

YO, RITA!
GET YO'
FUNKY ASS
IN HERE BEFORE
I HAVE A FUCKIN'
HISSY FIT!

SUBSTANCE
Affe

FLAVORFUL

LED
APPEAL

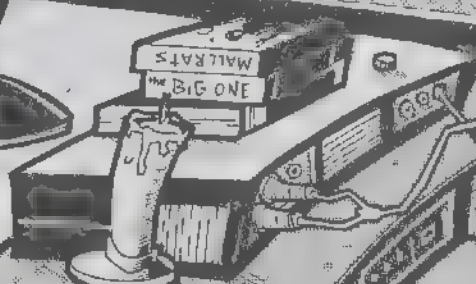
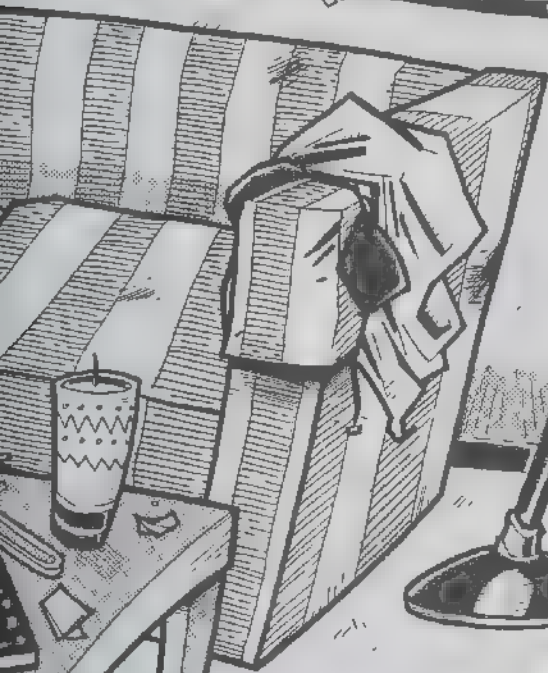
GIANT
ROBOTS

BLACK HOLE

ORCAST
donors



I'M COMIN',
I'M COMIN'!
JESUS!
CUT ME SOME
SLACK!



this is a FOOD one
onipress type joint...
an official soundtrack ☆
- DR ISRAEL nnauty pressure
- the CLASH combat rock
- gitscott heron the revolution
will not be tele
vised
- bad
brains • omega
sessions
- miles davis bitches
brew
- horbie
hancock sextant
- Agent orange
living in darkness
SOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE
on 40oz RECORDS

BAD
AZN
Mafia





TIME FOR
YOUR FIX,
CAFFEINE-
JUNKIE!

FINALLY!

GIVEN?

NO THANKS
I'M DRINKING
TEA

000000000000...
"I'M DRINKING TEA' I'M
TOO CULTURED AND
UPPITY TO DRINK COFFEE!"

FUCK OFF,
BTCH

Ahhh... THIS IS
DA SHIT!!
SATURDAY MORNIN'
W/TH THE THREE
ESSENTIAL CS.
COFFEE, CARTOONS,
AND -

-- DA
CHRONIC!!!

YOU ROLLIN' A
FAT JOINT?

HELL'S
YEA'!

A TRIBE
CALLED

PUT ONE'A
THOSE
FILTERS IN IT,
AMSTERDAM-
STYLE

WOULD
YOU LOOK
AT THIS
SHIT!
IT'S ONLY
10:30 AND
THERE'S
NO
CARTOONS
ON
ANY-
WHERE!

WHAT?!!

I'M SERIOUS! ONLY THING THE NETWORKS ARE SHOWIN' ARE THESE SHITTY, TERRIBLY ACTED, HIGH-SCHOOL, TEENY BOPPER, SITCOM SLASH-SOAP OPERAS LIKE "SAVED BY THE BELL" AND "HANG TIME."

HEY, DON'T KNOCK "SAVED BY THE BELL." DWDE. SCREECH IS GWEN'S SECRET "OVER."

BUT FOR REAL, THESE FUCKIN' SHOWS ARE TOTALLY AIMED AT BRAINWASHING LITTLE TWELVE AND THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLDS INTO THINKIN' THAT HIGH SCHOOL IS TH'S FUN, SAFE PLACE WHERE EVERYONE IS ACCEPTED AND GETS ALONG. THEY NEVER SHOW KIDS BRINGIN' SHOTGUNS TO CLASS,, OR LITTLE SUZY GETTING RAPED BY THE CHEMISTRY TEACHER, 'N' SHIT!

GOD, HIGH SCHOOL WAS, LIKE A FUCKIN' NIGHTMARE, MAN!

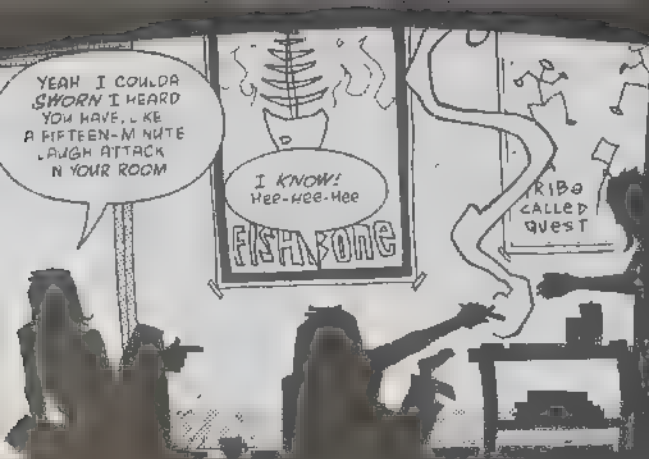
SO, RITA, DID YOU GET THOSE SHROOMS FROM ALVIN YET? WE NEED TO MAKE DELIVERIES TODAY

PETER TOSH
LIZE IT

GETTIN
DOWN

COUGH! YEA.

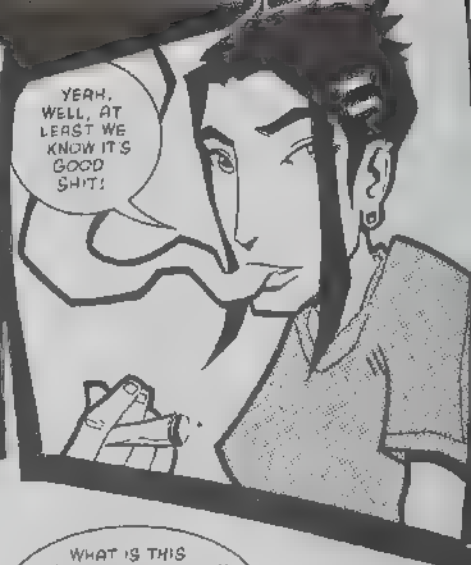
YEAH THEY'RE N THE 'FR DGE THEY'RE PRETTY STRONG, TOO. I ATE, LIKE, ONE CAP AND A COUPLE OF STEMS LAST NIGHT WHILE I WAS PAINTING, AND I FUCKIN' TRIPPED BALLS.



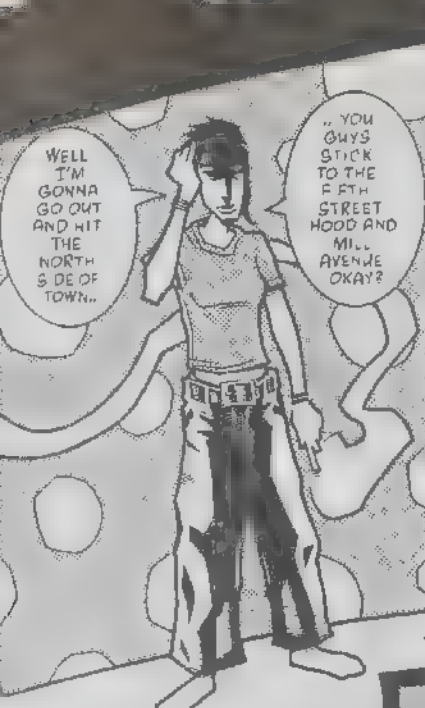
YEAH I COULDA
SWORN I HEARD
YOU HAVE, LIKE
A FIFTEEN-M NUTE
LAUGH ATTACK
IN YOUR ROOM

I KNOW!
Hee-Hee-Hee
FISH BONE

RIBO
CALLED
QUEST



YEAH,
WELL, AT
LEAST WE
KNOW IT'S
GOOD
SHIT!



WELL I'M
GONNA
GO OUT
AND HIT
THE
NORTH
SIDE OF
TOWN...

.. YOU
GUYS
STICK
TO THE
FIFTH
STREET
HOOD AND
MILL
AVENUE
OKAY?



WHAT IS THIS
SCOOBY-FUCKIN'-
DOO ?!!
WE GOTTA SPILT UP
EVERY T ME WE
MAKE DELIVER ES?



IT'S JUST QUICKER
AND EASIER THIS WAY,
SMART ASS!



OKAY,
"FREDDIE"
WE'LL CATCH YA
LATER!
PFFFTTHHIS



BITE
ME

FIFTEEN MINUTES
LATER.

.. ALL I'M SAYIN'
IS I JUST BELIEVE N
STRENGTH N NUMBERS,
Y'KNOW? GWEN ALWAYS
GOES OFF ON HER OWN
AND LIKE, WHAT IF
SOMETHIN' EVER
HAPPENED TO HER, ?

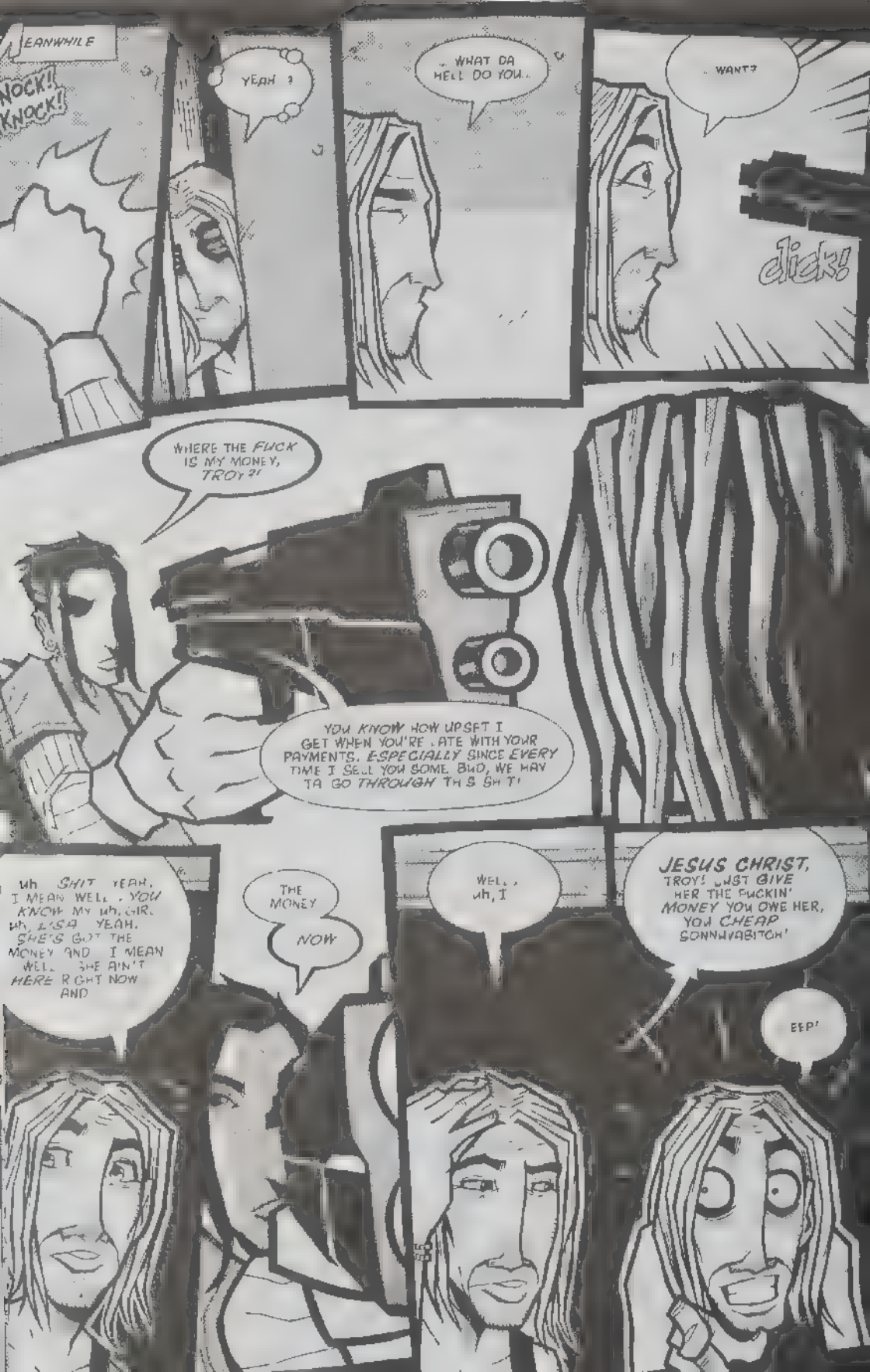
I KNOW I KNOW
BUT YOU KNOW HOW
GWEN LIKES TO PLAY
THE "B'S SISTER" ROLE.
SHE THINKS SHE KNOWS
WHAT'S BEST FOR US
AS A GROUP AND SHE'S
ALWAYS TALKIN' THAT
SHIT, LIKE "GODMAKE
DELIVERIES NOW AND
DO IT ON THIS STREET."
"SHOOT THIS GUY IN
THE FACE, BUT DON'T
KILL THAT GAY,
AND 'BLAH, BLAH,
FUCKIN' BLAH!"

WORD.

SAY WE
GOTTA STOP AT
HECTOR AND JOY'S
CR B RIGHT? A N'T
THEY IN THAT
APARTMENT
COMPLEX,
NOW?

YEAH, LET'S GO!

HEY!



EARNWHILE

KNOCK!
KNOCK!

YEAH?

WHAT DA
HELL DO YOU...

WANT?

diek!

WHERE THE *FUCK*
IS MY MONEY,
TROY?!

YOU KNOW HOW UPSET I
GET WHEN YOU'RE LATE WITH YOUR
PAYMENTS. ESPECIALLY SINCE EVERY
TIME I SELL YOU SOME BUD, WE HAV
TA GO THROUGH TH'S SHIT!

WH SHIT YEAH.
I MEAN WELL. YOU
KNOW MY WH, GIR.
WH, L'SA YEAH.
SHE'S GOT THE
MONEY AND I MEAN
WELL. SHE AIN'T
HERE RIGHT NOW
AND

THE
MONEY

NOW

WELL,
uh, I

JESUS CHRIST,
TROY! JUST GIVE
HER THE FUCKIN'
MONEY YOU OWE HER,
YOU CHEAP
SONNWA BITCH!

EEP!



OH WH, YEAH!
UM, I, LIKE,
TOTALLY
FORGOT THAT I
JUST GOT PAID
WH, YESTERDAY...
YEAH... THAT'S IT!
YEAH, HERE YA
GO GWEN...

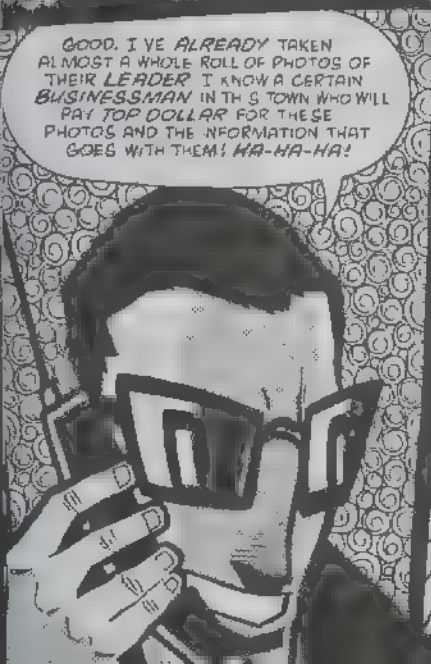
THANKS
JUNK E BOY!
SEE YA NEXT
WEEK!



AGENT FIVE?
HOW'S YOUR PROGRESS
COMING ALONG?



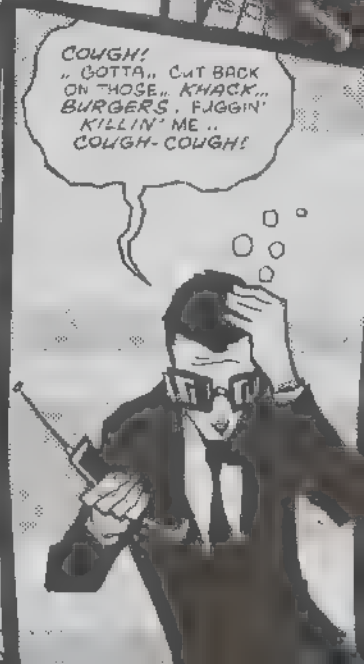
EXCELLENT! IT'S A GOOD THING
YOU'VE BEEN STUDYING THEIR ROUTE
FOR A WHILE NOW. THE CRAZY MEXICAN
GIRL AND THE NIGGER ARE ON
FIFTH STREET JUST AS YOU
PREDICTED



GOOD, I'VE ALREADY TAKEN
ALMOST A WHOLE ROLL OF PHOTOS OF
THEIR LEADER. I KNOW A CERTAIN
BUSINESSMAN IN THE TOWN WHO'LL
PAY TOP DOLLAR FOR THESE
PHOTOS AND THE INFORMATION THAT
GOES WITH THEM! HA-HA-HA!



HA-HA... MGH...
COUGH! COUGH!
KAFF! COUGH!
COUGH! KHACK!
COUGH! UGH...



COUGH!
"GOTTA" CUT BACK
ON THOSE "KHACK"
BURGERS, FUGGIN'
KILLIN' ME...
COUGH-COUGH!

NOON.

WHAT UP, BINGER?
BOX O BUD AND
TWO BOXES OF
'SCHROOMS--
JUST LIKE YOU
ASKED!

THANKS!
Z K, WILL BE
SO EXCITED YOU
GUYS MADE IT BY.
WANNA COME IN
FOR A QUICK
SESSION?

12:30

WHAZZUP, ROBBIE?
DID YOU WANT A BOX
OF NORTHERN LIGHTS
OR JAMAICAN RED
HAIR?

DAMN, GIRL! YA
MEAN I GOT
OPTIONS HERE? SHIT
I GOTTA GO WITH
THE RED HAIR!

GOOD CHOICE
MY MAN! YOU TAKE
TWO HITS OF THAT
SHIT, AND YOU WON'T
EVEN BE ABLE TO
TALK N' SHIT.

1:30

HEY
LADIES

LEONARD!
WHAT DA
HELL IS UP
N' GGAR?

WHERE'S
THAT
SCUMBAG
OT S AT?

PASSED OUT IN
DA FUCK N BATHTUB
MAN. HE HAD A LATE ONE
LAST N'GHT, AN' WAY
TOO MUCH
NIGHT TRAIN

TELL THAT
FUCK
WE SAY
'WHUZZUP?'

WELL,
THIS
SHIT
SHOULD
HELP HIM
WITH HIS
HANG-
OVER

COOL

THE NYKEE CORPORATION.

CALLING TO
ORDER THE
ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
BROTHERHOOD
OF THE
CRACKER!

IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU ALL. I TRUST THE LAST
FISCAL YEAR HAS GONE WELL FOR YOU. AS YOU
MAY KNOW, OUR PROFITS HAVE **TRIPLED** THIS
YEAR, MAKING **US** THE MOST POWERFUL
CORPORATE ENTITY N AMERIKKKA

WE'VE ALSO RECENTLY CLOSED DOWN
OUR LAST MANUFACTURING PLANT
IN THE U.S. TH'S MEANS THAT ALL NYKEE
PRODUCTS ARE NOW BEING MADE
EXCLUSIVELY OVERSEAS-- PRIMARILY N
BACKWARD-ASS COUNTRIES LIKE INDONESIA.
WE'VE COMPLETELY **ELIMINATED** THE
AMERIKKAN FACTORY WORKER AND REPLACED
THEM W TH FOURTEEN YEAR-OLD INDONESIAN
GIRLS THAT WILL MAKE OUR GOODS FOR
ONLY **EIGHTY CENTS AN HOUR!** GOD,
I LOVE CAP TALISM!!
WE ALSO--

Umm,
EXCUSE
ME.?

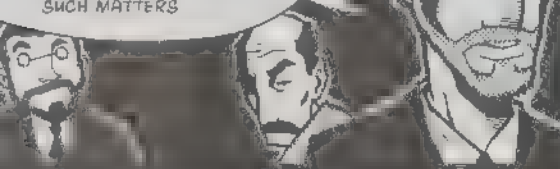
HIT
LIST
SINCE I'M
HANGING
WATSON

EXCUSE ME, PHILLIP. I'M SORRY TO INTERRUPT, BUT I WAS RECENTLY INFORMED THAT NYKEE, IN CONJUNCTION WITH INDONESIA'S MILITARY GOVERNMENT, WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATHS OF OVER TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND INNOCENT INDONESIANS?

IS THIS ATROCITY TRUE??



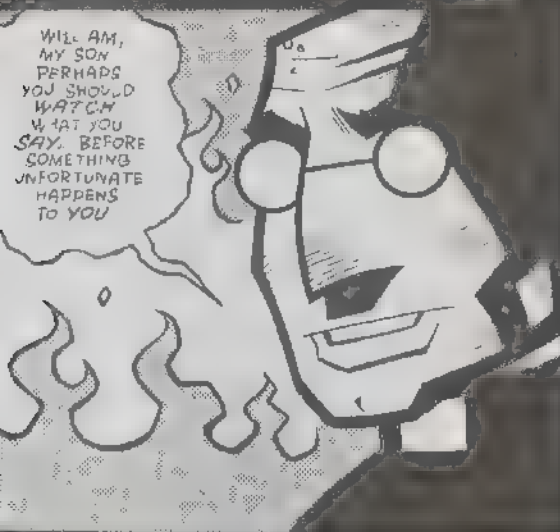
YES, IT'S TRUE, BILL. I MYSELF WAS A BIT DISTURBED WHEN I HEARD OF THIS UNFORTUNATE INCIDENT. BUT, YOU KNOW, WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO? DO YOU HAVE FAMILY OR FRIENDS WHO LIVE IN INDONESIA? DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE INDONESIAN PEOPLE AS A WHOLE? I SAY, IF IT DOESN'T DIRECTLY EFFECT YOU, BILL, YOU SHOULDN'T CONCERN YOURSELF WITH SUCH MATTERS



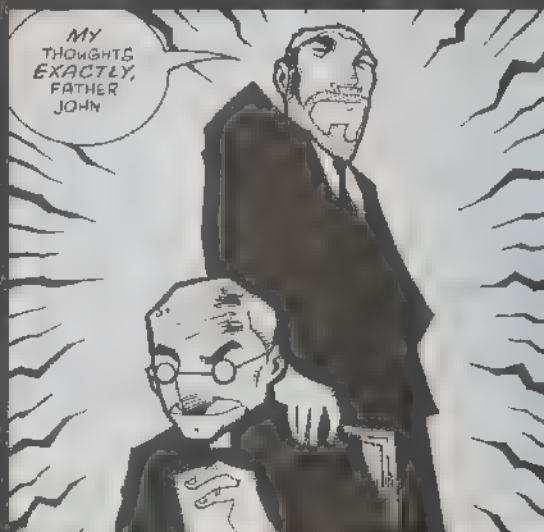
WHAT?? I CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT I'M HEARING, PHILLIP! I CAN'T JUST SIT HERE AND GO ALONG WITH THESE TRAVESTIES AGAINST INNOCENT PEOPLE THAT--



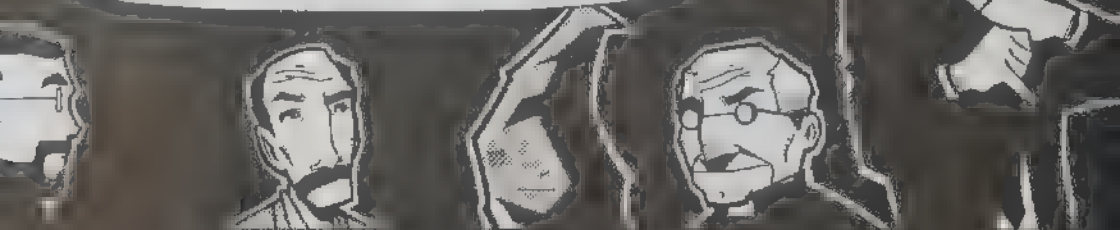
WELL AM, MY SON PERHAPS YOU SHOULD WATCH WHAT YOU SAY, BEFORE SOMETHING UNFORTUNATE HAPPENS TO YOU

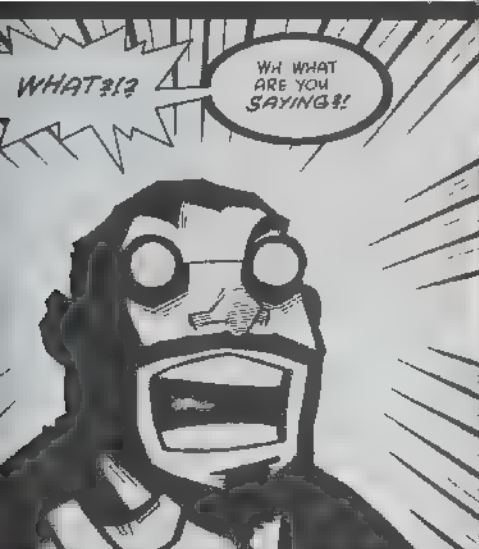


MY THOUGHTS EXACTLY, FATHER JOHN



EXCEPT THAT I THINK IT MAY BE TOO LATE FOR OUR OLD FRIEND BILL. HE'S ALWAYS BEEN A WEAK LINK IN THE STRONG CHAIN THAT HAS HELD THIS ORGANIZATION TOGETHER. I'M SORRY BILL, BUT YOUR MEMBERSHIP IN THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE CRACKER HAS JUST BEEN REVOKED



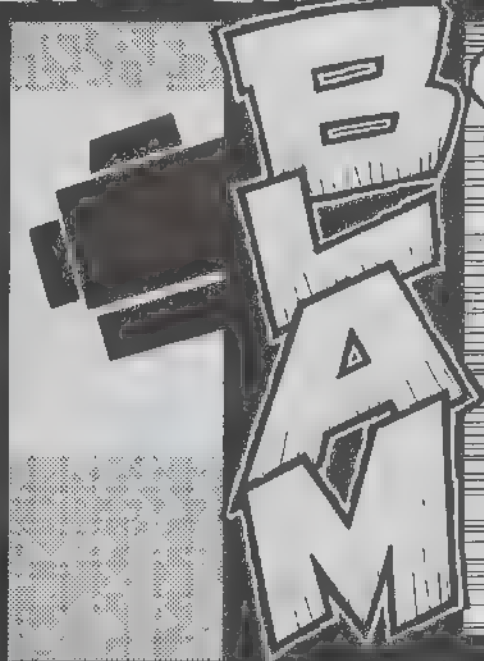


WHAT?!

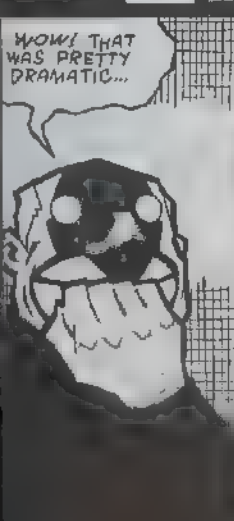
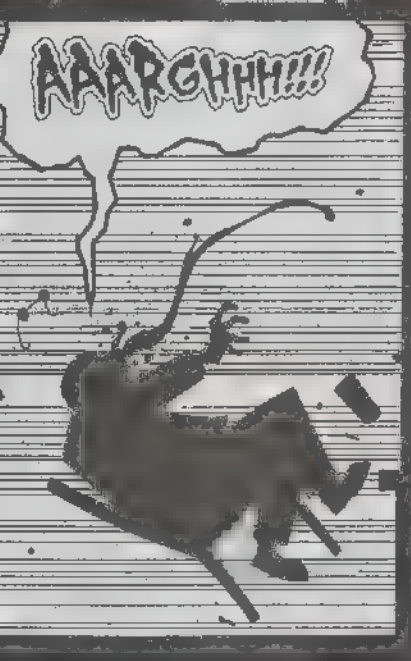
WH WHAT
ARE YOU
SAYING?!



I'M
SAYING
GOOD-
BYE,
BILL.

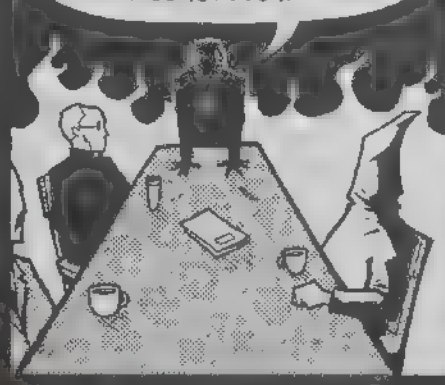


AAARGHHH!!!

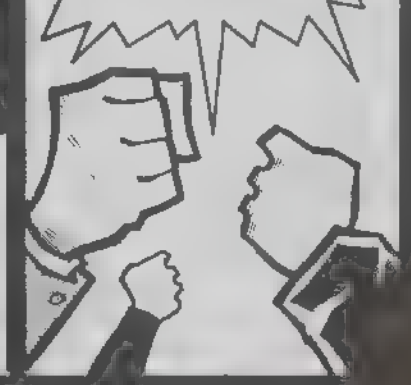


WOW! THAT
WAS PRETTY
DRAMATIC...

LET IT BE KNOWN, GENTLEMEN .. NO ONE
--NOT EVEN ONE OF OUR OWN LIFE-TIME
MEMBERS-- MAY STAND IN THE WAY OF THE
BROTHERHOOD'S ULTIMATE QUEST FOR
WORLD DOMINATION!!
UNDERSTOOD?!



YES, SIR! ALL HAIL
THE BROTHERHOOD
OF THE
CRACKER!!!



MEANWHILE, BACK ON FIFTH STREET..

YO! YA KNOW WHAT MOVIE I WAS WATCH N' LAST NIGHT THAT TOTALLY ROCKS? FUCKIN' KRUSH GROOVE, DUDE! REMEMBER THAT SHIT?!

OH HELL YEAH! THAT MOVIE'S FROM TH' FUCKIN' OLD SCHOOL! DOESN'T IT HAVE, LIKE, RUN DMC AND SHEILA E. IN IT?

YEAH, AND THE FAT BOYS, KURTIS BLOW, AND LL COOL J WHEN HE WAS, LIKE, A LITTLE, EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD KID! THE THING THAT TRIPPED ME OUT ABOUT IT THOUGH IS THAT IT'S ACTUALLY BASED ON THE REAL STORY OF HOW DEF JAM RECORDS WAS FORMED BY RUSSELL SIMMONS AND RICK RUBIN. BLAIR UNDERWOOD IN HIS FIRST B.G. SCREEN PERFORMANCE, PLAYS RUSSELL SIMMONS AND RICK RUBIN PLAYS HIMSELF! HE TOTALLY CAN'T ACT, BUT IT DOESN'T FUCKIN' MATTER!

I TELL YA THOUGH, THAT FLICK TOTALLY REPRESENTS WHAT WAS DOPE ABOUT HIP HOP BACK IN THE DAY, Y'KNOW? I MEAN, THAT'S THE SHIT WE GREW UP ON!

FOR REAL! IT'S NOTHIN' LIKE THAT BULLSHIT MAINSTREAM PUFF DADDY AND WILL SMITH CORPORATE RAP THAT YA HEAR ON ALL THE TOP 40 RADIO STATIONS TODAY

SAY, THE COMIC SHOP'S JUST DOWN THIS STREET. C'MON, LET'S GO! I WANNA SEE IF THE NEW ISSUE OF ACTION GUILD CAME OUT!

DAPHNE, WE REALLY DON'T HAVE TIME 'S DES. I THOUGHT YOU HATED THAT STUPID STORE..?

C'MON, GRL-- I'LL BE IN AND OUT IN FIVE MINUTES! I SWEAR!

WELL, WELL... WHAT DO WE GOT HERE, HMM?

A COUPLE A' GIRL SCOUTS AY, MAX?

OH, SHIT.



JUST BE COOL. LEMME HANDLE THESE JERK-OFFS. YER STRAPPED, RIGHT?

YEAH.

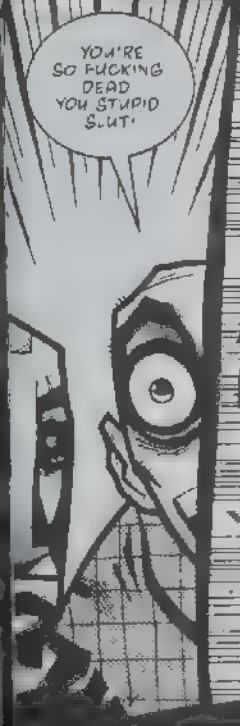
GOOD.



SAY, LADIES I GOTTA GOOD DEAR WHY DON'T YOU BE NICE AND GIVE US ALL YOUR LITTLE COOKIES AND ALL THE MONEY YOU'VE MADE TODAY, AND WE WON'T BREAK YOUR FUCKIN LEGS!



I GOTTA BETTER IDEA DICKLESS. WHY DON'T YOU KISS MY ROUND GORGEOUS ASS?!



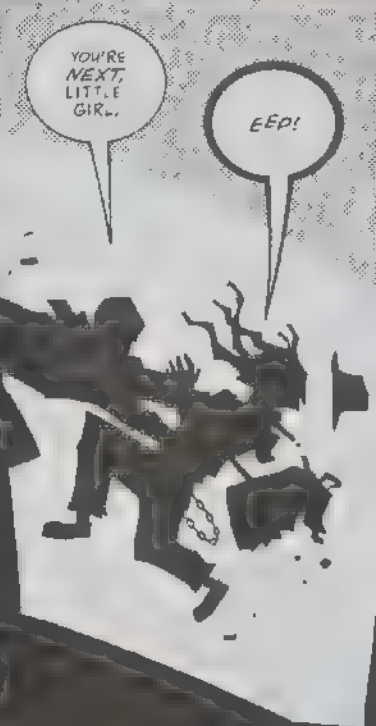
YOU'RE SO FUCKING DEAD YOU STUPID S.U.T!



OOOFFFF!



DAPHNE!!!



YOU'RE NEXT, LITTLE GIRL.

EED!



HMMM THAT'S WE RD KNOWING DAPHNE, SHE SHOULD'VE DRAGGED R TA TO THE COMIC SHOP BY NOW..

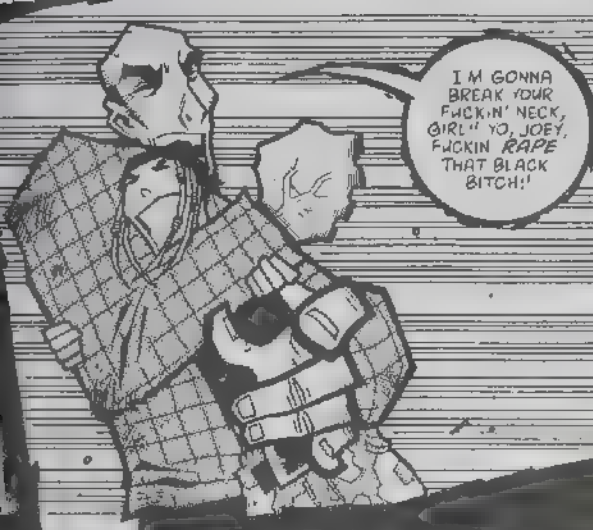
WOW!

SAY, LADY, AIN'T YOU ONE OF THE DANGER GIR-

FUCK OFF, FANBOY!

KILL 'IM!!
FUCKIN' KILL 'IM, RITA!!!

OH, JESUS



I M GONNA
BREAK YOUR
FUCKIN' NECK,
GIRL!! YO, JOEY,
FUCKIN' RAPE
THAT BLACK
BITCH!!



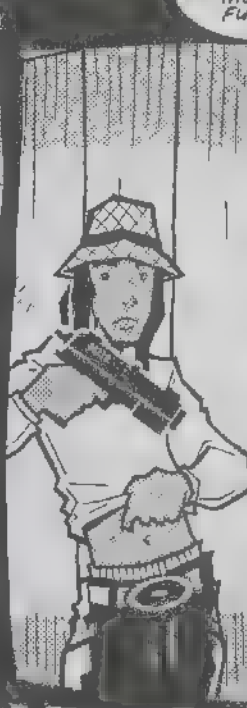
NO!!

RITA,
SHOOT THAT
MOTHER-
FUCKER!

SHOOT
HIM!!



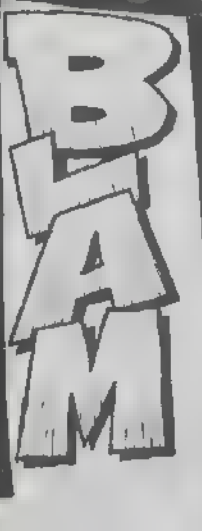
Lee Lee

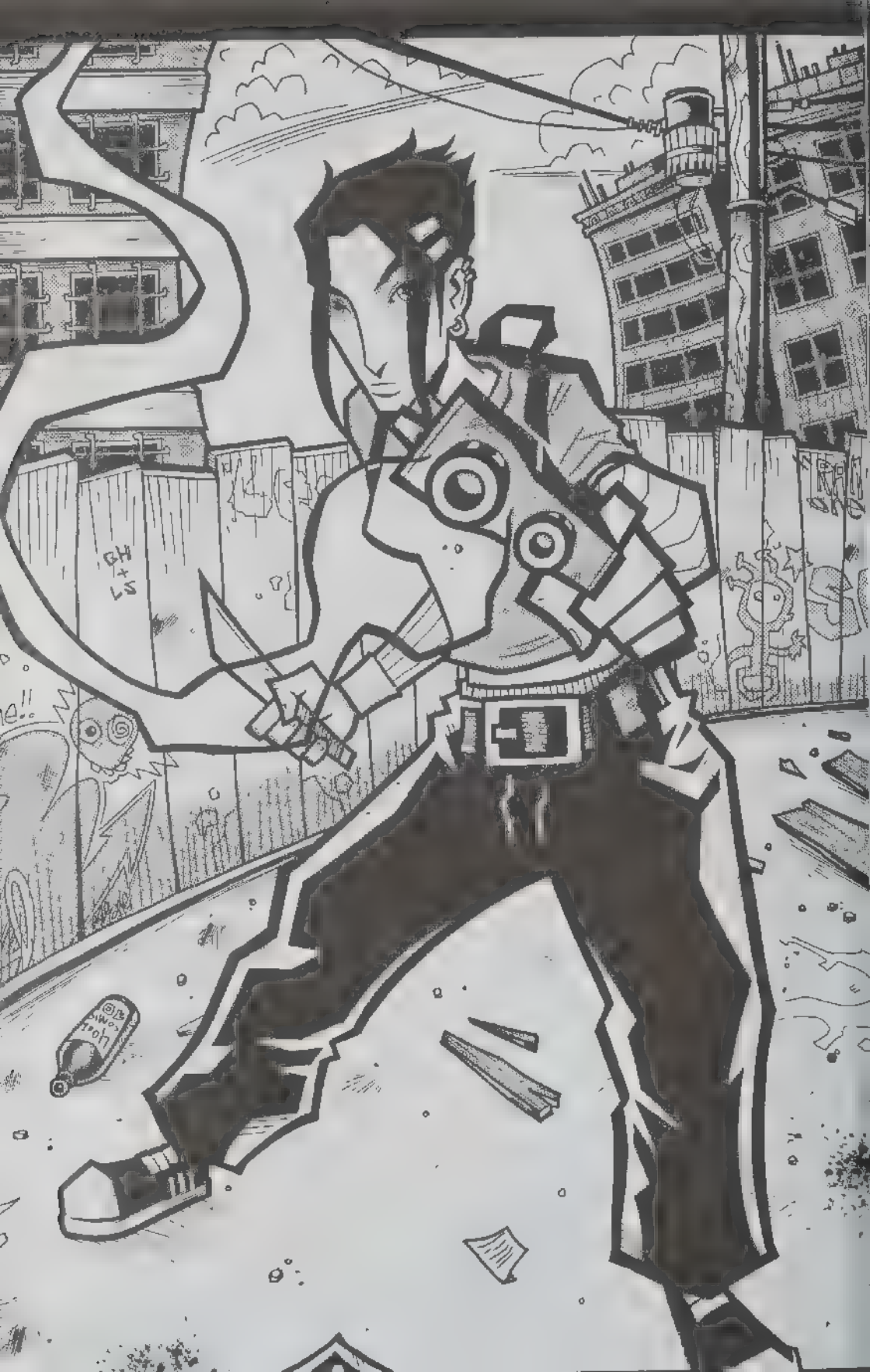


BLAM



HA! YOU
M SSED, YOU
STUPID







AAARGHH!
FUCK!!

CRACK!

THANKS,
GWEN

NOT SO
TOUGH NOW,
ARE YA,
MUTHA-
FUCKA?!

YA FEEL THAT,
HUH?! YA FEEL
THAT YA
FUCKIN'
BASTARD?!

CRACK!

CRUNCH!

I'LL KILL YOU,
MOTHERFUCKER! I'LL FUCKIN'
KILL YOU!!

DIE! DIE! DIE!!

FUCKIN'
MOTHERFUCKER!!!

STOMP!
STOMP!
STOMP!

STOMP!
CRASH!
STOMP!

STOMP!
CRASH!

WH, DAPHNE? I THINK
YOU SMASHED THAT DUDE'S
FACE INTO A BLOODY ENOUGH
PULP. THERE REALLY
SN'T MUCH LEFT..

:pant:
:pant:
:pant:

WHAT THE FUCK
HAPPENED TO YOU
BACK THERE,
RITA?!

WHY THE
FUCK DID
YOU
FREAK?!?!

Y-YOU KNOW I'M NOT A VERY GOOD MARKS
MAN YET, DAPHNE I-I TOLD YOU I WANTED
TO BR NG MY TWELVE GAUGE! THAT'S THE
THING I LIKE ABOUT MY SHOTGUN I CAN
PRETTY MUCH JUST AM IT N THE GENERAL
DIRECT ON OF THE MOTHERFUCKER
I WANNA TAKE
OUT* AND BLOW
'UM AWAY!

YEAH
YEAH...

AND I
THOUGHT
YOU LAD ES
COULD TAKE
CARE OF
YOUR
SELVES!

WE
CAN!!

C MON--
LET'S GET
THE FUCK JUTTA
HERE FORE THE
PIGS SHOW
UP!

LOOKS LIKE
RITA'S BWHYIN'
THE 408
TONIGHT!

HELL'S
YEAH

GET OFF
MY T.T.S.
THE BOTH
OF YA

THE NEXT DAY THE NYKKEE CORPORATION...

... AND HOW DOES THE PROGRESS WITH THE PLSBERRY ACCOUNT, JOE?

EXCELLENT, MISTER NYKKEE, WE'VE RECEIVED NEARLY FORTY-SEVEN MILLION NEW YORK DOLLARS TO PROMOTE OUR LITTLE BOY IN UNDER-DEVELOPED FOREIGN MARKETS! WE'RE EXPECTING TO DOUBLE OUR PROFITS IN LESS THAN SIX MONTHS!

GOOD FATHER JOHN?

WELL, PHILIP, THE CHURCH HAS JUST DISCOVERED A REMOTE TRIBE OF SAVAGES LOCATED ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF PARAGUAY. WE'RE SEND-ING NINETY-SEVEN SOLDIERS TO CONVERT THEM TO OUR FAITH.

THESE PRIMITIVE LOST SOULS WILL KNOW THE JOY AND ENLIGHTENMENT OF CHRIST ANYTIME VERY VERY SOON.

AND IF THEY DON'T COMPLY?

WHY WE'LL RAPE, PILLAGE, AND DESTROY THEIR ENTIRE CULTURE. OF COURSE, BASICALLY IT'S THE SAME PROCEDURE THE CHURCH HAS FOLLOWED FOR THE LAST TWO THOUSAND YEARS IN LETTING THE WORLD KNOW ABOUT THE WORD OF CHRIST.

YES ANYTHING FOR JESUS.

HERB, THE NARCOTICS DIVISION?

WH. WELL,
PHILLIP THINGS HAVE
SLOWED DOWN A
LITTLE OVER THE
LAST YEAR

WHAT?!!??

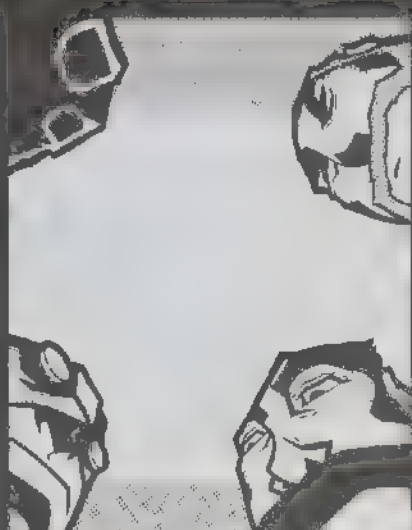
I KNOW. IT SOUNDS BAD. HONESTLY, THOUGH. EVER
SINCE OUR MASTER **GEORGE BUSH** LEFT THE CIA
AND THE WHITE HOUSE, SMUGGLING AND DISTRI-
BUTING DRUGS IN THIS COUNTRY JUST GOT AS EASY
AS IT USED TO BE. AND **FREAK CITY** SEEMS TO
HAVE BEEN HIT PARTICULARLY HARD THIS YEAR!
SALES ON ALL FORMS OF NARCOTICS ARE
AT AN ALL-TIME LOW! I JUST DON'T
GET IT.

GENTLEMEN!
PERHAPS I HAVE
THE SOLUTION
TO YOUR
PROBLEM!

WHO THE HELL ARE
YOU?! HOW THE
FUCK DID YOU GET PAST
SECURITY?!!?

CALM DOWN, MISTER NYKKE. I ASSURE YOU, WE
ARE MORE FRIEND THAN FOE. I WON'T TAKE UP
TOO MUCH OF YOUR VALUABLE TIME, GENTLEMEN.
ALL I ASK IS THAT YOU TAKE A LOOK AT SOME
PHOTOGRAPHS MY ASSISTANT AND I HAVE TAKEN
OVER THE LAST COUPLE OF DAYS.

THIS, GENTLEMEN, IS THE
CAUSE OF YOUR
DECLINING NARCOTICS
SALES..

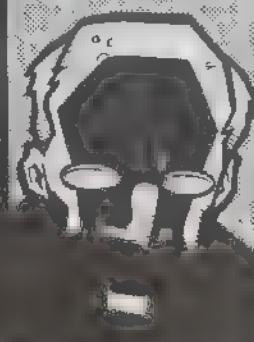


WHAT???

THREE
PUNK ASS
LITTLE
GIRLS?!

I DON'T
BELIEVE
IT!

AND TWO OF THEM
ARE FILTHY
MINORITIES,
NO LESS



THEY
ALL
ARE
THE OTHER
G'RL
THE R
LEADER
IS
JEWISH!

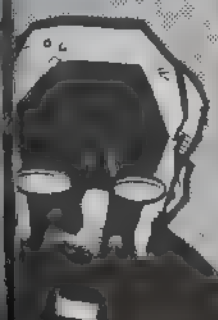
THEY
CALL
THEMSELVES
THE
G'RL
SCOUTS!



OH,
JESUS..

ALLOW ME TO EXPLAIN, OVER THE LAST YEAR, THESE "LITTLE GIRLS" AS YOU
CALL THEM, HAVE ACQUIRED A MOST A COMPLETE MONOPOLY ON DRUG SALES
IN FREAK CITY. THEY MAKE DELIVERIES DAILY, ALWAYS HIDING THE R
NARCOTICS IN COOKIE BOXES.

THEY KNOW PRACTICALLY EVERYONE IN THE "HOODS" AND
GHETTOS OF FREAK CITY THEY'RE RELIABLE, FAST DEALERS, AND
USUALLY WELL-ARMED.







YOU'VE GOTTA
BE KIDDIN' ME!

HOW D.D. YOU
GET THIS
INFORMATION?
WHO DO YOU
WORK FOR?
F.B.I.?
C.I.A.?

WE WORK FOR THE
GOVERNMENT. YES MR.
NYKEE BUT FOR WHICH
BRANCH IS OF NO
CONCERN TO YOU.




WELL
WHAT THE HELL
DO YOU
WANTS!



THE SAME THING
THAT YOU AND THE REST
OF THE BROTHERHOOD
STRIVE TO ATTAIN MR.
NYKEE- MONEY POWER,
CONTROL.

YOU
SHALL
HAVE
IT!

HERB PUT OUT AN
ORDER I WANT
FREAK CITY'S TOP-
NOTCH ASSASSINS
TO TAKE THESE
GIRLS OUT! NO ONE
TAKES MONEY OUT OF
PHILIP NYKEE'S
POCKETS!

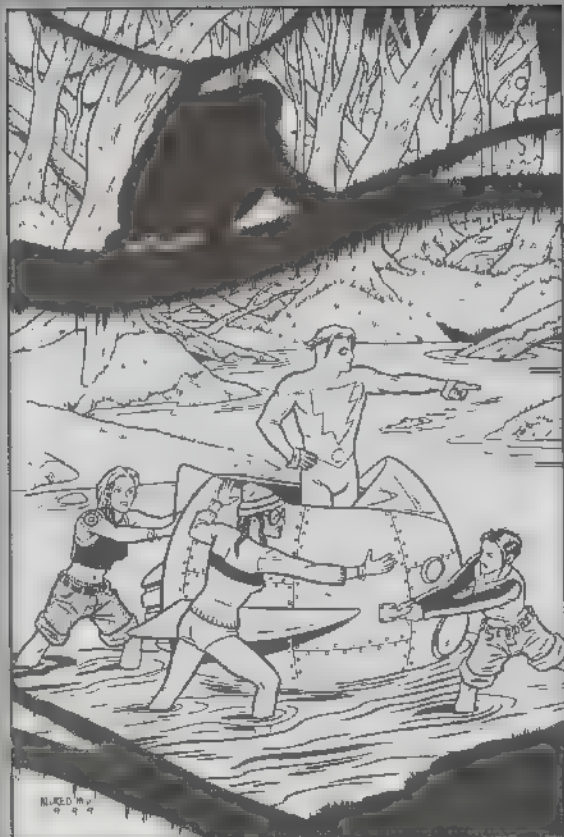


CONSIDER IT DONE,
SIR. BY TOMORROW THE
GIRL SCOUTS WILL
BE NO MORE!

TO BE CONTINUED

chapter two





Chapter two gallery by
Mike Allred and Chynna Clugston-Major

RITA, I'M
MAKING LUNCH!
DO YOU WANT
PEANUT-BUTTER-
AND-JELLY,
OR SOUP?

I WANT
FRUIT LOOPS
MOMMY!

HONEY, C'MON
NOW, YOU KNOW I
DON'T WANT YOU EATING
SUGARY CEREALS FOR
LUNCH. SAY, IT'S ALMOST
TIME FOR THAT CUTE
CARTOON SHOW WHAT'S
IT CALLED, "THE
SMURFS"?



LUNCH IS
SERVED!

MOMMY, COME
AND LOOKIT WHAT
I MADE!



OH, RITA!!!

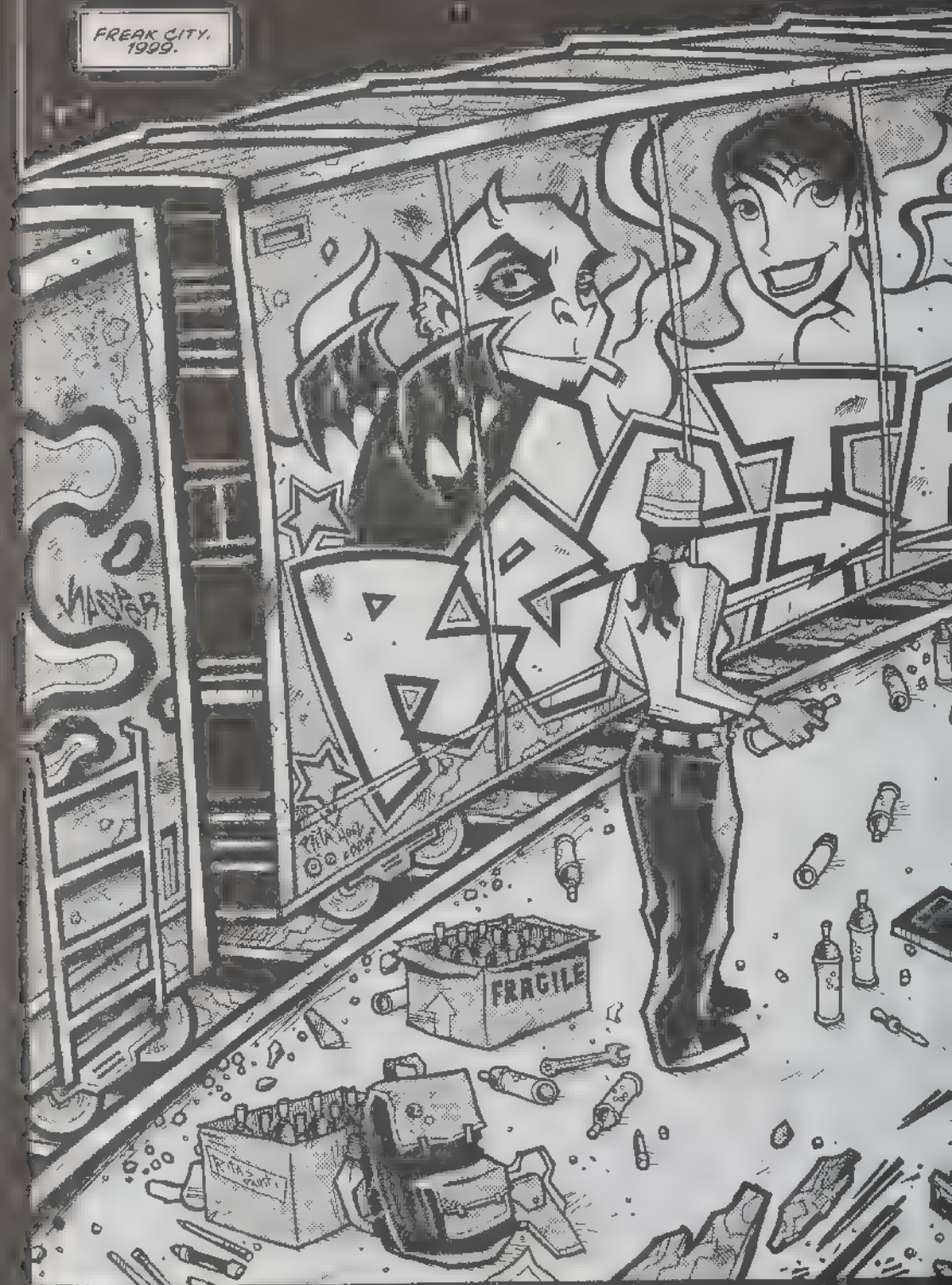


HOW MANY
TIMES HAVE I
TOLD YOU ...



... NOT TO WRITE ON THE WALLS!!!

FREAK CITY,
1999.





HELL YEA,
RITA!!
THAT'S LOOKIN
FRESH, G.D.
DAMN YOUR PIECES
KEEP GETTIN'
TIGHTER AND
TIGHTER!

4-5 SA
FOOD OF
THE PRESS
INFO 30 APR
UNOFFICIAL
SOUNDTRACK
ROB SWIFT
ME ABL K
FRANK'S
FRANKY K
LED ZEPPELIN
BB
SESSION

THE ROOTS
KING OF
THE
VELVET UNDER
GROUND LVP
104
EPMD
ST. L
BOYNE
BOYS OF
THE WISE
A DEEP
END
JAMES BURNIN
BLACK ADAM

THANKS OT'S! THESE DIFFERENT
CAPSIES YOU GAVE ME ARE MAKIN'
ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

SEEN YOU AND
LEONARD HERE WOULDNT BELIEVE
ME AT FIRST BUT IM TELLIN'
YA THE CAPS MAKE OR BREAK A
PEOPLE I MEAN, MUST LOOK T THOSE
CLEAN, TIGHT ASS OUTLINES
LEO'S GETTIN NOW

WORD

YEA GIMME
SOME HOLMES! SAY MAN
IT'S ALMOST 2:30. WE SHOULD
SPLIT IF WE'RE STILL GONNA
MEET UP WITH FRANKIE AND
PUMA.

SHIT'S LOOKIN'
GOOD, KIDS
WE'LL FUCK N H T THAT
TRAIN THAT ROLLS THROUGH
ASH STREET THIS
WEEKEND!

THERE SHE
GOES! SHOULD WE
FOLLOW HER
AND?

WHAT'S THE
POINTS WE ALREADY
KNOW WHERE SHE
LIVES NO MR NYKEES
DIRECT ORDERS WERE
TO WAIT UNTIL THEY'RE
ALL TOGETHER TO
TAKE THEM OUT

I SHOULD
PROBABLY
TAKE OFF, TOO.
I'VE GOTTA GET UP
EARLY TOMORROW
MORNIN' FOR
DELIVERIES

WE'LL STRIKE
TOMORROW
O'MON, LET'S
REPORT BACK

RAHZE! YEAH WHAT'S UP?
LISTEN MAN, LOOKS LIKE YOU
WERE RIGHT NYKEE'S GOT SOME
GOONS FOLLOWING YOUR
DAUGHTER, COULD BE SPIES OR
FREELANCE ASSASSINS. YEAH
I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON HER, NO
PROBLEM. CALL
YOU TOMORROW.

THE NEXT DAY THE
NYKEE CORPORATION

GOOD MORNING
PHILIP. HOW'S
THE PROGRESS
COMING ALONG
WITH OUR LITTLE
GIRL SCOUTS
PROBLEM?

THEY SHOULD
HAVE BEEN DEAD
BY NOW. FATHER
JOHN. I'VE GOT
ASSASSINS
FOLLOWING THEM
AND MONITORING
THEIR MOVINGS.
SO FAR, THOUGH,
THE GIRLS HAVEN'T
BEEN OUT IN PUBLIC
TOGETHER OVER
THE LAST COUPLE
OF DAYS.

WHY NOT JUST HAVE
THEM POKED OFF
ONE BY ONE?

BECAUSE JOHN, THAT'S
SLOPPY! NO, THIS IS A
SERIOUS PROBLEM AND I
WANT IT HANDLED THE
RIGHT WAY! I WANT A
PRECISE, CLEAN HIT WITH
ALL THREE OF THOSE LITTLE
GIRLS TAKEN OUT AT THE
SAME TIME.

TELL HERB TO CALL
OUR ASSASSIN FRIENDS
THIS AFTERNOON. I WANT
A TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR
SURVEILLANCE ON THE GIRLS
TODAY, TONIGHT & FRIDAY
NIGHT, AND I'M SURE
OUR YOUNG FRIENDS MUST
BE GOING OUT OR 'PARTYING'
SOMEWHERE!

YES, I CAN FEEL
IT. TONIGHT WILL BE THE
TIME TO STRIKE!

AFTERNOON, SUNFRESH GROCERY STORE

SUNFRESH GROCERY

HOW MANY MORE BOXES OF THIS SHIT LEONARD?

A LOT

YEAH SO?

YOU HEAR THAT MAN?? SHHHHHH + STEN YOU FUCK N HEAR THAT MUSIC!!

IT'S THAT GODDAMNED EX-WIFE OF MINE! EYL BITCH IS TRY N TA CONTACT ME THROUGH THE MUSIC MAN WAN'S MORE OF MY MONEY!

WH- YEAH

MORE! MORE!!

OTIS! THERE YOU ARE! LATE AGAIN TODAY, WEREN'T WE?!

O'MON, ROCK GET OFF MY ASS MAN I HAD TO RUN SOME ERRANDS FOR MY HAND CAPPED MOTHER TH'S MORN NG

DON'T BULLSHIT ME, BOY!! I KNOW DAMN WELL THAT YOU DON'T HAVE NO HAND- CAPPED MOTHER NOW TH'S IS THE LAST TIME YOU UNDER- STAND!!

NO! MAKE HER STOP! FUCK N BITCH WAN'S MY GARDEN AND EVERYTHING THAT I HOLD DEAR TO ME!! DAMN HER!! I ILL FUCK N KILL HER DOG I SWEAR I WILL

GET A GRIP, MAN

SURE

SO LEO YA
WANNA AT THE
WEIRD HOG
TONIGHT, MAN?
BOMB-SHELTER D.S.
ARE SPINNIN'
IN SHIT!

YEA,
THAT
SOUNDS
COOL

THINK I'M
GONNA STOP BY
THE GAREL'S
HOUSE AFTER
WORK TOO

ALYS SO
YOU CAN TRY
TO GET BACK
TOGETHER
WITH DAPHNE
AGA N?

MAN,
HELL
NO!

YEA RIGHT
SO YOU TWO
STILL
FUCKIN'
DE N A N?

EMANE LEONARD MY
FRIEND BREAK-UPS
ARE A STRANGE AND
COMPLICATED
THING Y KNOW?

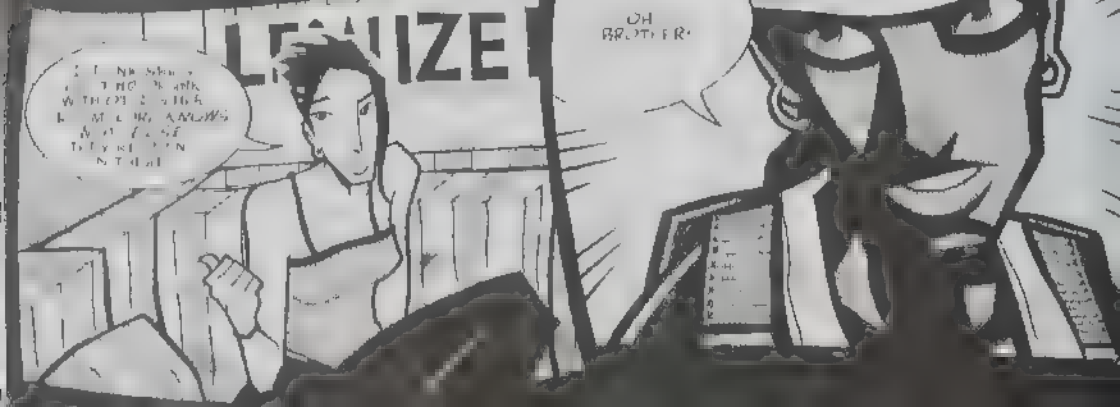
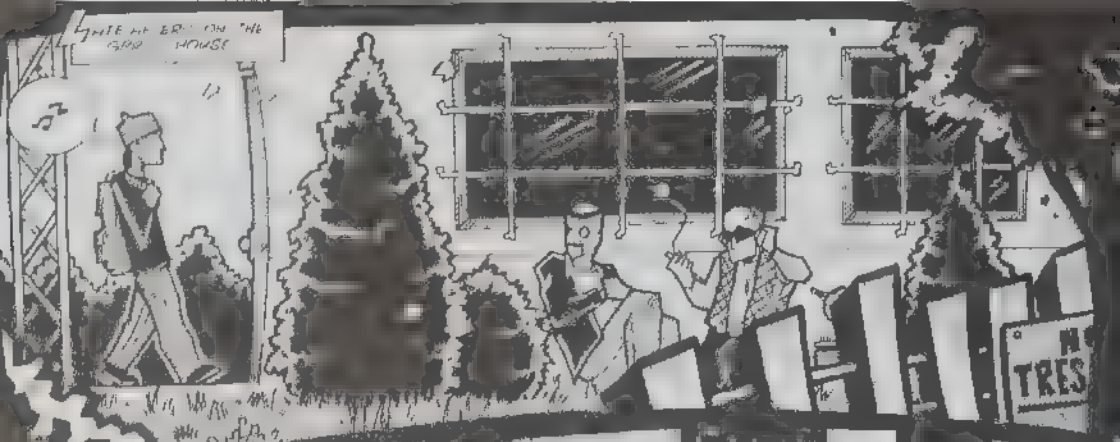
WHY IT'S LIKE
ROCKIN A GODA
MACH NE BACK
AND FORTH
AFTER IT'S RIPPED
YOU OFF.

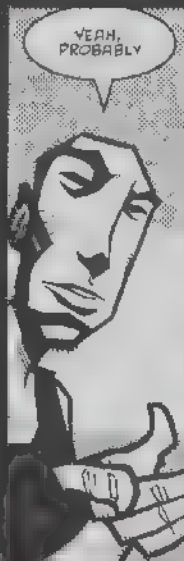
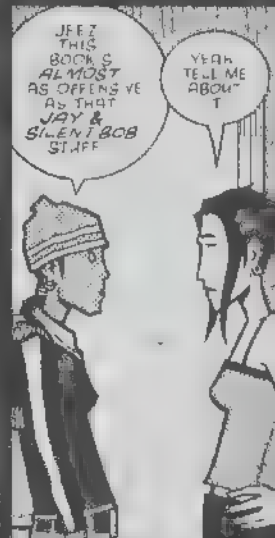
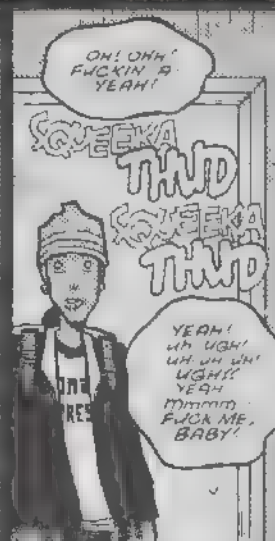
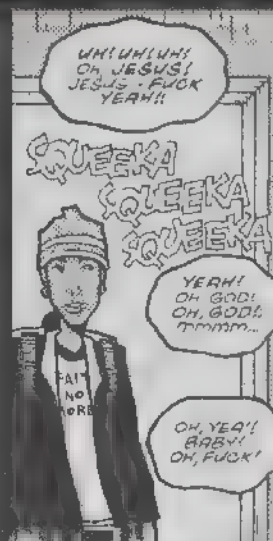
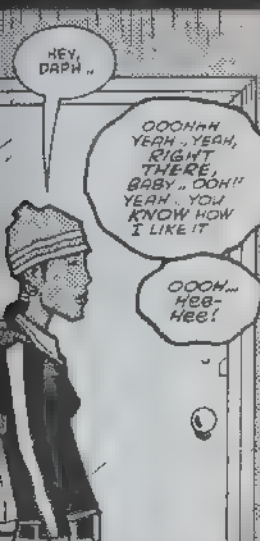
YOU KEEP ROCKIN
AN ROCKIN, AND
MAYBE IT WORKS OUT
MAYBE YOU WIND UP
GETTIN YOUR SODA
AFTER ALL OR, IT
DOESN'T WORK OUT.
ANYA ROCK
THAT FUCKIN SODA
MACH NE UNT IT FALLS
OVER AND THERE IT
LAYS. DONE
DESTROYED, KA-PUT

I HAVE NO
FUCKIN IDEA
WHAT YOU'RE
TALKIN'
ABOUT.

HEY, OTIS! THERE'S
SOME CRAZY GUY IN THE
FRONT OF THE STORE
SCREAMIN AN WAYN A
GUN AROUND ROCK
WANTS YOU TO TAKE
CARE OF HIM!

FUCK









WHADDAYA THINK?

A TRIBE CALLED QUEST

PETER LIZI

GASPIE IS THAT OUR SWEET LITTLE GIRL RAZZ? JUST LOOKIT HER 'GWN! SHE'S ALL GROWN UP AND WEARING A DRESS!

YOWZER

OH, Hee-hee YOU TWO - STOP!

SERIOUSLY GIRL, YOU LOOK TOTALLY HOT!

C'MON I'M FIENDIN' TO GET MY DRINK ON! LET'S GO!





YEAH ANOTHER
VODKA TON C,
AND A
WHITE
RUSSIAN
FOR THE
"DUDE"
HERE.

SURE

SO YOU
THNK THE GRRLS
ARE GONNA
SHOW UP
TONIGHT OR
WHAT

BEATS
THE FUCK
OUTTA
ME.

I WAS
OVER AT
THE R C R B
EARL ER TODAY
AND THEY
WERE ALL
TAKKIN'
MAD SHIT
TO ME
SO I--

GANG-
WAY,
EVERY-
BODY!
STEP
ASIDE,
LOSERS!



THE
GRRL SCOUTS
ARE
HERE
BABY!!!

EVERYONE
PAY
ATTENTION
TO US!

OH,
BROTHER

GOD,
DAPHNE
WOULD YOU
SHUT THE
FUCK
UP!

SKRATCH P



YO, G'R, E!
YOU LOOK
BITCHIN'!

YO FOOD,
WHUZZUP,
K D?

WHAT'S UP
ROXANNE?

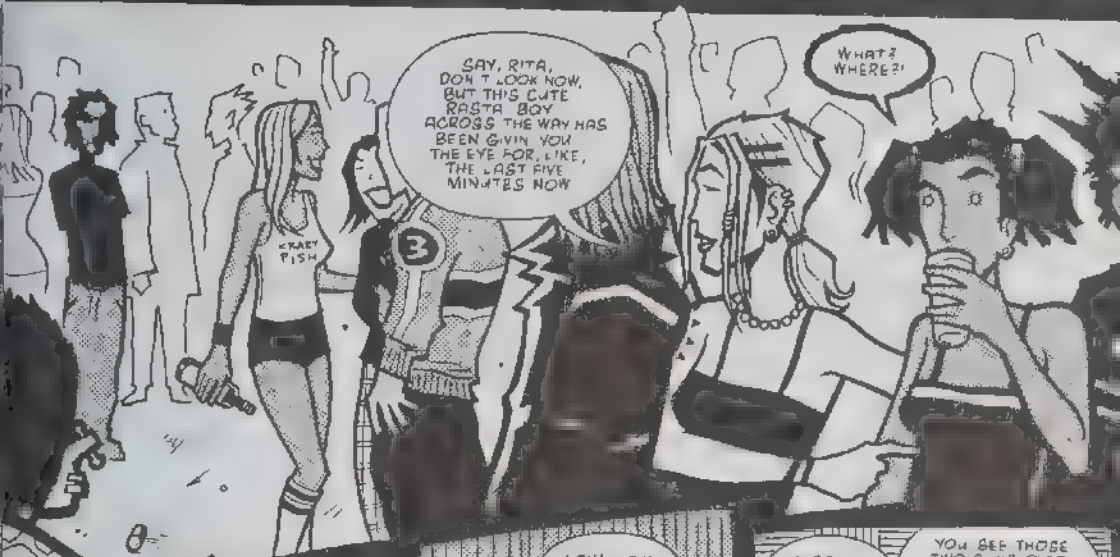
HEY

POWER
PUFF

BLACK
FLAG

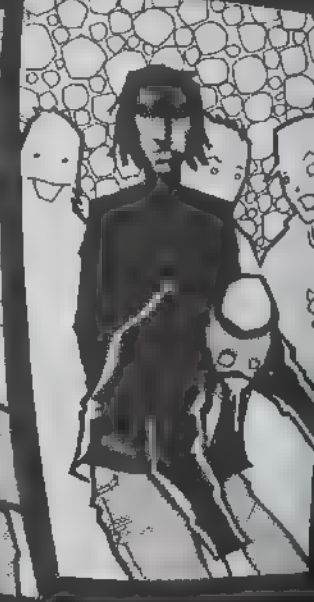
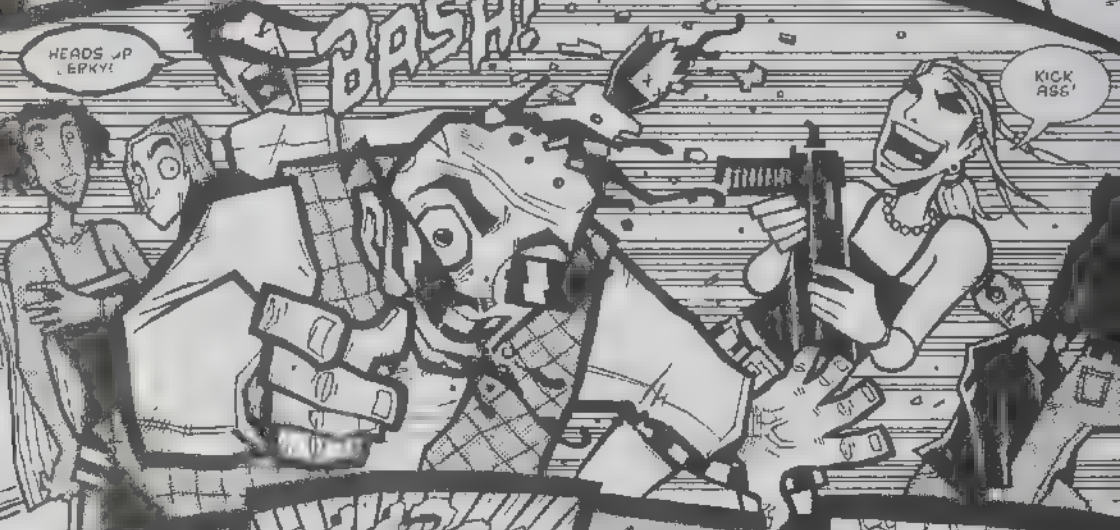














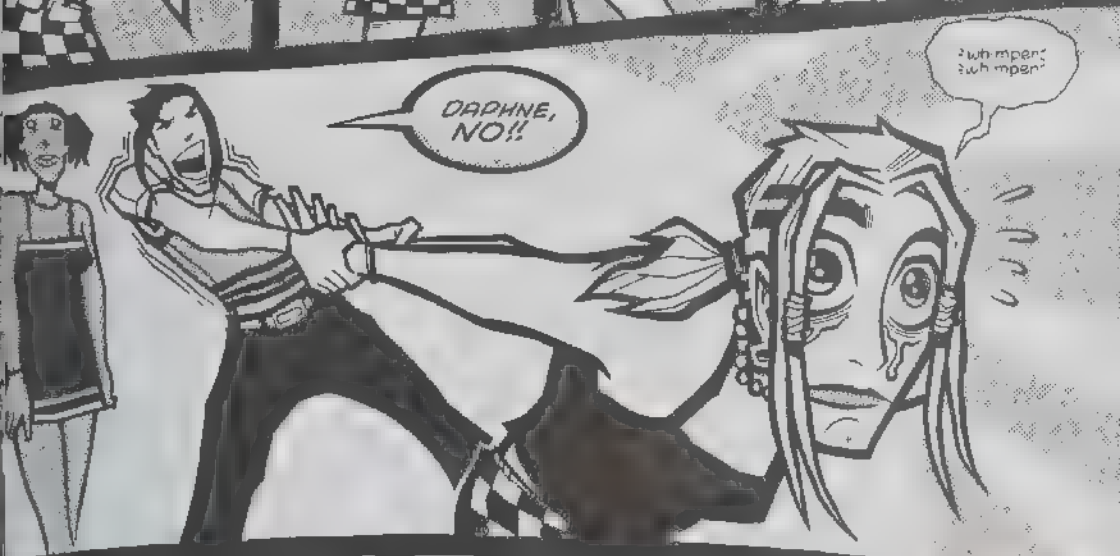


HOLY
CRAP!

C'MON!
C'MON!

FUCK
ME.

OH, MY
GOD!
OUR
HOUSE!!





THE ONLY THING WE CAN DO

WE RUN

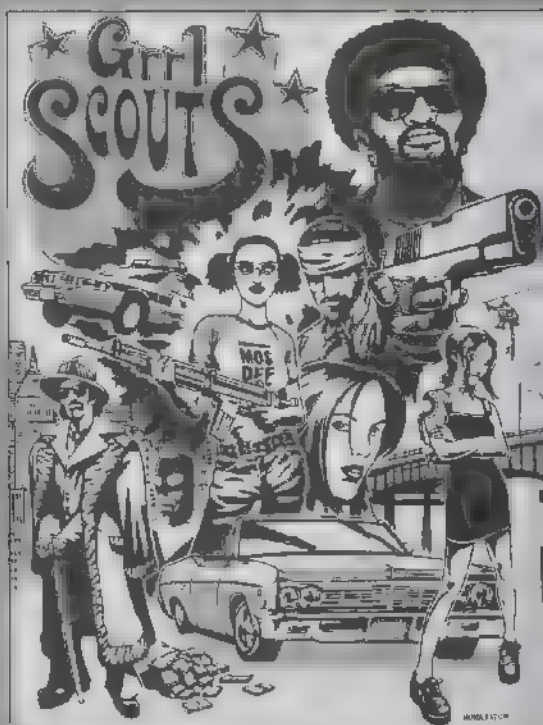
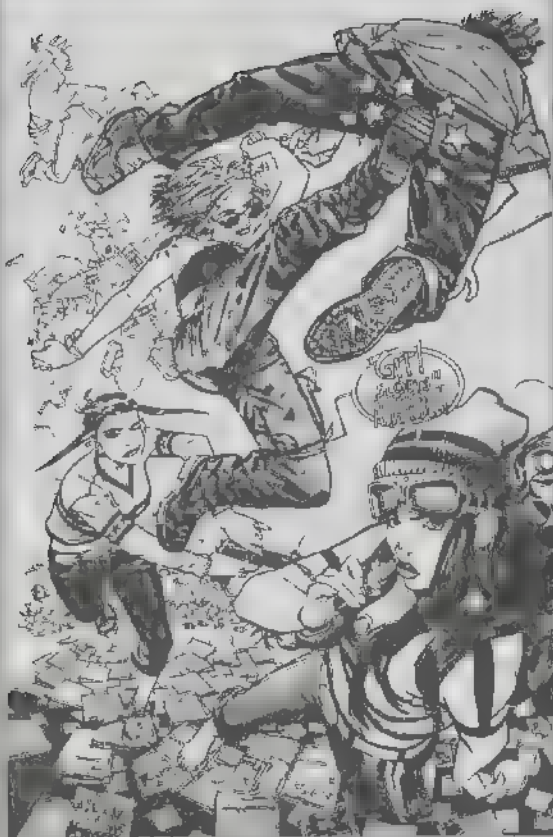
OH MY GOD I'M I TOTALLY FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN APRIL O'NEIL FROM ISSUE TEN OF OF THE OLD SCHOOL BLACK-AND-WHITE TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES COMIC WHEN WHEN HER APARTMENT GOT BURNT DOWN IN THAT FIGHT BETWEEN THE TURTLES AND THE EVIL FOOT CLAN...

WHAT DO WE DO NOW? WHAT DO WE DO?

TO BE CONTINUED...

chapter three





Chapter three gallery by
Duncan Fegredo and Mike Huddleston

ENGLISH TEST ON THURSDAY

OKAY, CLASS-- I'M GOING TO BE HANDING BACK YOUR GEOGRAPHY TESTS NOW OVERS... I HAVE TO SAY THAT I'M A LITTLE DISAPPOINTED IN YOU ALL.

WELL EVERYONE BUT GWEN OF COURSE SHE GOT A 98%, THE HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WHOLE CLASS!

GREAT JOB, GWEN!

Heh.. yeah

PSSSSST! TODAY AFTER CLASS WE'RE GONNA BEAT THE CRAP OUTTA THAT TEACHER'S PET! PASS IT ON!!

TAP TAP

AFTER SCHOOL...

YOU HEARD JS BOOKWORM WE'RE TIRED OF YOU MAKING THE REST OF US LOOK LIKE DUMMIES. YOU STUPID NERD! WE'RE GONNA MAKE YOU PAY!!

GET HER!!

EEP..!

HEAH? AND WHAT'S THAT GONNA COMPLISH?

Umm...

LATER...

I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND IT HONEY I THOUGHT EVERYONE AT SCHOOL LIKED YOU

THEY ALL HATE ME, MOM THEY CALL ME A NERD AND A TEACHER'S PET AND THEY GET MAD WHEN I GET THE BEST GRADES.

WELL, THOSE OTHER KIDS ARE JUST JEALOUS THAT'S ALL, HONEY

THEY'RE JEALOUS BECAUSE THEY KNOW HOW SPECIAL YOU ARE THEY KNOW YOU'RE SMART AND THAT YOU CAN DO ANYTHING YOU WANT TO. WHY, YOU'RE A LEADER, SWEETIE

".. A NATURAL BORN LEADER..."

FREAK CITY,
1999...

TRY IT!

NEW!

YES
WE'RE
OPEN

福

929075A

THIS IS A FOOD ONE-ONE
PRESS TYPE JOINT
UNOFFICIAL SOUNDTRACK
★ Kool Keith - sex style
★ The Coup - steal this
★ EPOHATTO - Steeple A
★ VAN HALEN - 1984
★ FISHBONE - test and
★ MR. BUNGLE
★ RAINBOWS
★ NAS -

TROY NIXEY
GUILTY OF



YEA, UM,
AUNT JUANITA??
YEA--H,
TH'S S DAPMNE!
YEA! I KNOW,
T'S BEEN A
LONG TIME

WTF, I'M FINE,
YEAH
SO, LISTEN ME
AND MY FRIENDS
R TA AND GWEN
YOU REMEMBER
THEM, R 3HT.?

YEA, WE WERE
GONNA VISIT THE
SUBURBS THIS
WEEKEND, AND

YEA! T WAS A
LAST MINUTE
SORT OF THING

SO ANYWAY, WE
WERE GONNA COME
OUT AND, WELL,
I WAS WONDERING IF
WE COULD STAY
WITH YOU
AND

OH THANK YOU
SO MUCH
AUNT JUANITA

WE
CAN??

GREAT, I CAN'T
WAIT TO SEE YOU
TOD! OKAY BYE!!

WELL IT'S ALL SET UP! SHE SAID THAT IT'S COOL. FWE STAY WITH HER AND HER FAMILY.

HER FAMILY?! SHE'S MARRIED?!

YEAH I HAVEN'T SEEN HER IN LIKE EIGHT YEARS OR SOMETHIN

I DON'T EVEN KNOW HER HUSBAND'S NAME OR WHATEVER, BUT FUCK IT

AT LEAST WE GOT A PLACE TO CRASH AND LAY LOW

WE'VE GOT TO BE EXTREMELY CAUTIOUS HERE THE LAST THING WE WANT IS SOME OF NYKEE'S ASSASSINS FOLLOWING US OUT OF OUR ANIT'S HOUSE.

I DON'T THINK THAT'S GONNA HAPPEN. WE'VE COVERED OUR TRACKS. PRETTY WELL SO FAR.

...ESPECIALLY AFTER STEALING THIS WAY HERE

AT LEAST I WAS ABLE TO GATHER UP SOME EXTRA CLOTHES AND SUPPLIES THAT I HAD STASHED AT OT'S AND LEONARD'S. CR. THOSE GUYS SAID TO CALL IF WE NEEDED ANYTHING BY THE WAY.

JESUS! I CAN'T BELIEVE ALL THE CRAZY SHIT THAT'S GONE DOWN IN THE LAST COUPLE OF DAYS

THE ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT AT THE WERD HOG. MY FATHER CONTACTING ME. OUR HOUSE GETTING BURNED DOWN

GOD YOU'RE GONNA MAKE ME CRY AGAIN, R TAI!

DO YOU KNOW HOW LONG IT TOOK TO COMPLETE MY JACK KIRBY COLLECTION OF COMICS?

DO YOU?!

AND NO IT'S ALL GONE

IT'S ALL FUCKING GONE!

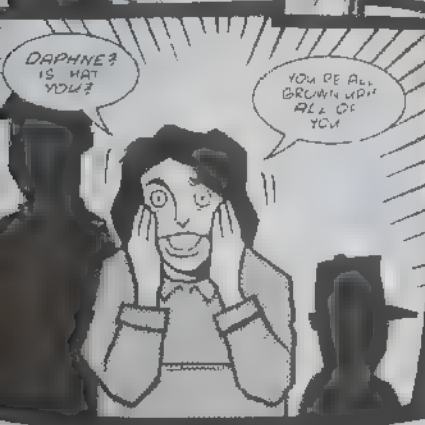
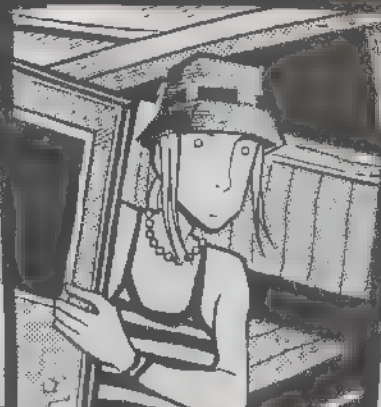
TRY NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT AT LEAST WE ESCAPED WITH OUR LIVES AND WE HAVE A PLACE TO HIDE OUT.

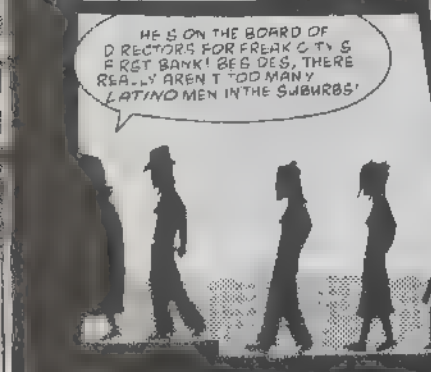
WE'VE GOT TO REGROUP AND FIGURE OUT WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO

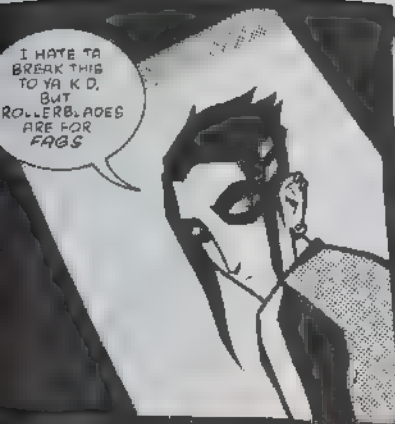
AND R TAI STILL GOTTA CONTACT HER DAD

YEA MY DAD

PEAK CITY
CITY LIMITS
EXT 300







I HATE TA
BREAK THIS
TO YA K.D.
BUT
ROLLERBOARDS
ARE FOR
FAGS



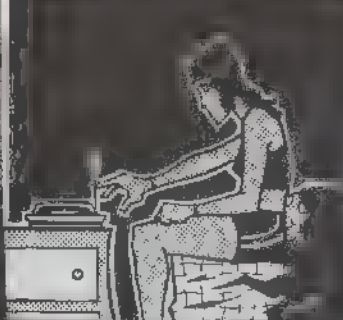
HUH?!!



I SUGGEST
YOU GET
YOURSELF A
NICE
SKATEBOARD.

THE
OTHER
GIRLS
WILL
FEAR YOU
AND THE BOYS
WON'T KNOW WHAT
TO THINK

LATER...



HELLO?

Uh...
D-DAD?

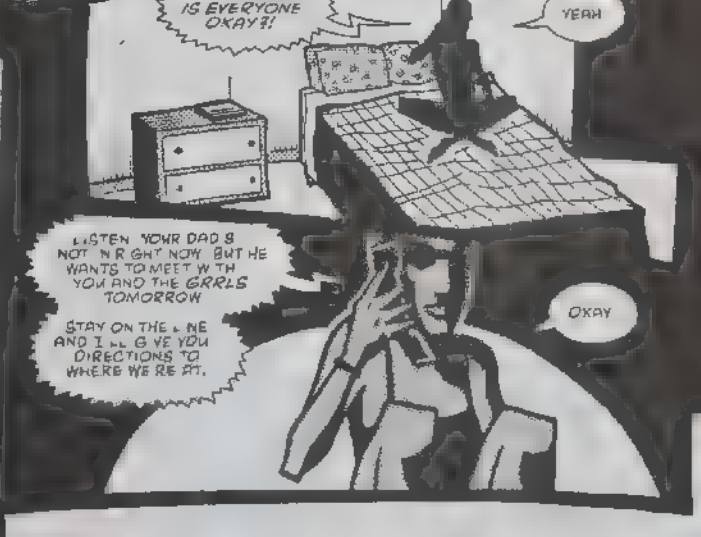
NO THIS
IS MALIK.
RITA, IS
THAT YOU?

YEAH



MALIK HOLY SHIT -
THEY BURNT DOWN OUR
HOUSE MAN!

THOSE
BASTARDS
BURNT
DOWN OUR
HOUSE!



WHAT?!!
IS EVERYONE
OKAY?!

YEAH

LISTEN YOUR DAD IS
NOT IN RIGHT NOW BUT HE
WANTS TO MEET WITH
YOU AND THE GIRLS
TOMORROW

STAY ON THE LINE
AND I'LL GIVE YOU
DIRECTIONS TO
WHERE WE'RE AT.

OKAY







"MY STORY BEGINS IN 1964. MY PARENTS AND I HAD JUST ARRIVED IN THE STATES FROM JAMAICA AND WE SETTLED IN A SMALL TOWN CALLED FREAK CITY. I WENT TO ART SCHOOL AND TOOK ON A JOB AT THE AZAR SHOE COMPANY."

"AT THE TIME I BEGAN WORKING WITH ANOTHER YOUNG MAN BY THE NAME OF PHILLIP NYKKEE WE WERE BOTH YOUNG AND NAIVE DESIGNERS DETERMINED TO MAKE IT TO THE TOP. PHILLIP AND I BECAME GOOD FRIENDS, AND I EVEN SHARED A STUDIO SPACE WITH HIM. IN THE BEGINNING, THINGS WERE GOING VERY WELL FOR US, AND WE WERE SOON RECOGNIZED AS TWO OF THE TOP DESIGNERS AT AZAR."



"NOW, REMEMBER THAT THIS WAS THE 60's, 70's, AND RACIAL TENSIONS WERE AT AN ALL-TIME HIGH. ONE MORNING WHEN I ARRIVED TO WORK I FOUND THAT MY SAFE HAD BEEN BROKEN AND ALL OF MY DESIGNS HAD BEEN STOLEN! PHILLIP WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO HAD THE COMBINATION TO MY SAFE. I KNEW HE WAS A DIRTY LIEF, BUT THERE WAS NO WAY TO PROVE IT AND THE EXECUTIVES AT AZAR WERE AS HELL WERE TRYING TO TAKE THE WORD OF A BLACK MAN OVER THAT OF A WHITE MAN."

"IT TURNED OUT PHILLIP'S STEALING MY DESIGNS WAS SOME SORT OF INITIATION PROCESS INTO THE 'SECRE' CULT HE WAS CONSPIRING WITH. THEY REVEALED THEMSELVES AS THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE CRACKER, AND THEY HAD CHOSEN PHILLIP AS THEIR MAN TO CLIMB THE CORPORATE LADDER AT AZAR."

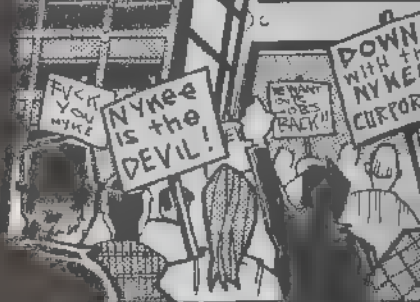


"AND OVER THE NEXT DECADE, THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT HE DID. PHILLIP WORKED HIS WAY UP, RECEIVING PROMOTION AFTER PROMOTION. ALONG THE WAY HE KEPT STEALING OTHER PEOPLE'S IDEAS, CLAIMING THEM FOR HIS OWN. HE WAS ALSO QUICKLY GAINING POWER IN THE BROTHERHOOD, BECOMING AN IMPORTANT FUGUREHEAD.

"IN 1979, PHILLIP MET HIS GOAL AND FULFILLED HIS DREAMS ON TAKING ON THE ROLE OF CEO OF AZAR SHOE COMPANY. HE BOUGHT AZAR OUT, CHANGED THE NAME OF THE CORPORATION TO NYKEE, FIRED MOST OF THE EMPLOYEES, AND REPLACED THEM WITH FRESH-FACED MEMBERS OF THE BROTHERHOOD.



AZAR



FOR THE NEXT COUPLE OF YEARS I TRAVELLED AROUND THE COUNTRY, TAKING ON WHATEVER WORK I COULD FIND.

"I DIDN'T SEE YOU AGAIN UNTIL YOUR GRANDPA'S FUNERAL IN 1991. AND EVEN THEN YOUR MOTHER WOULDN'T ALLOW ME TO SPEAK TO YOU. SHE THINGS THAT I'M A BUM AND A POOR EXAMPLE OF A FATHER. SO I RESPECTED HER WISHES AND KEPT MY DISTANCE.

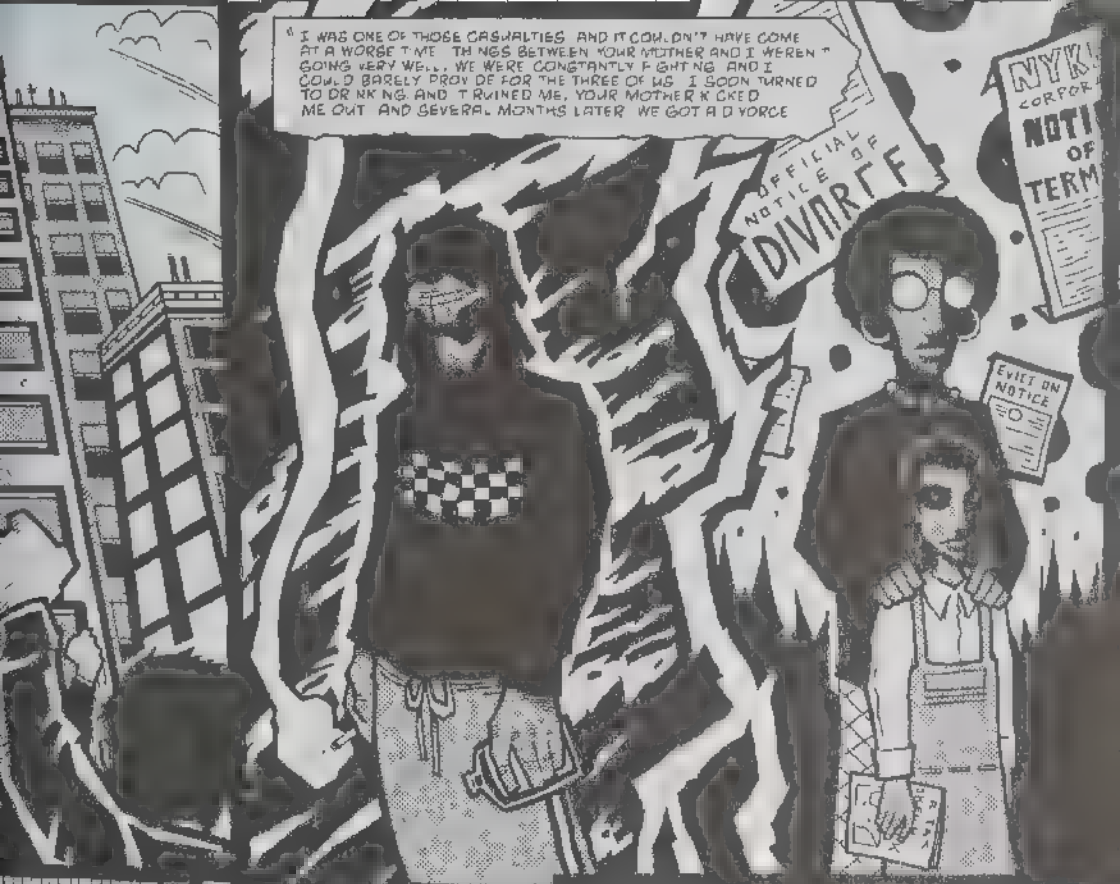


"I WAS ONE OF THOSE CASUALTIES AND IT COULDN'T HAVE COME AT A WORSE TIME. THINGS BETWEEN YOUR MOTHER AND I WEREN'T GOING VERY WELL, WE WERE CONSTANTLY FIGHTING AND I COULDN'T BARELY PROVIDE FOR THE THREE OF US. I SOON TURNED TO DRUGS AND TRAVELLED ME, YOUR MOTHER KICKED ME OUT AND SEVERAL MONTHS LATER WE GOT A DIVORCE

OFFICIAL NOTICE OF DIVORCE

NYKKEE CORPORATION
NOTICE OF TERM

EVICT ON NOTICE



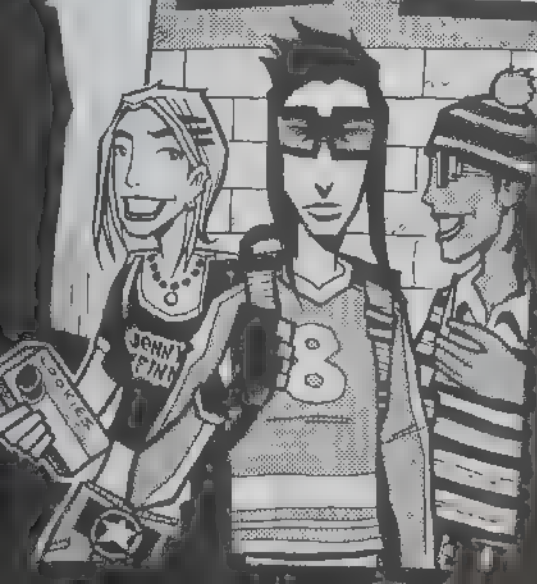
"IT WASN'T UNTIL I HEARD FROM MY ASSISTANT MALIK HERE, THAT YOUR GIRLS WERE BECOMING BIG TIME DEALERS IN THE CITY THAT I DECIDED TO GET INVOLVED. I KNOW HOW IMPORTANT THE DRUG RACKET IS TO NYKKEE AND THERE'S NO WAY HE'S GOING TO LET ANYONE TAKE ANY BUSINESS AWAY FROM HIM

"I KNEW YOUR GIRLS WOULD BECOME TARGETS FOR HIM AND THE BROTHERHOOD, SO I SENT MALIK TO CHECK OUT THE SITUATION AND KEEP TABS ON YOU"

NOW I HEAR THAT NYKKEE HAS ALREADY ATTEMPTED TO KILL YOU AND HIS BOONS HAVE BURNT DOWN YOUR HOUSE

I NEVER THOUGHT THAT AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, THAT EVIL BASTARD WOULD STILL BE AFFECTING ME AND MY FAMILY.

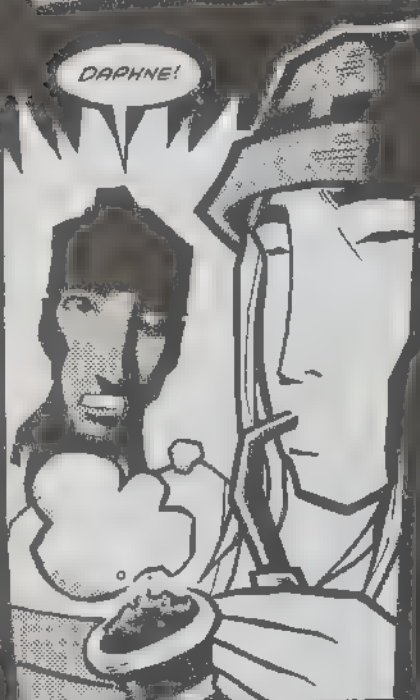
OBVIOUSLY IT'S COME TIME FOR ACTION.



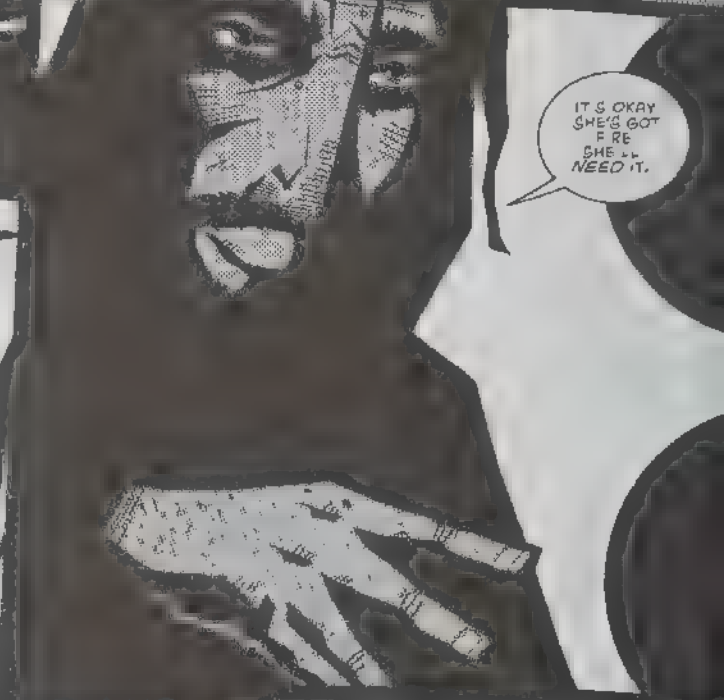
DAMN
STRAIGHT
IT HAS!!
WE'RE GONNA
KILL ALL
THOSE
MOTHER-
FUCKERS!!



DAPHNE!



IT'S OKAY
SHE'S GOT
FIRE
SHE'LL
NEED IT.



I SUGGEST
YOU ALL
SETTLE IN AND
GET SOME REST
YOUR TRAINING
BEGINS
TOMORROW



TRAINING?!?



FOR THE NEXT SEVERAL DAYS THE GIRLS UNDERGO VARIOUS TRAINING EXERCISES, HONING THEIR COMBAT SKILLS AND HEIGHTENING THEIR SENSES.



GRRRR..

FOCUS YOUR ENERGY AND THINK ABOUT YOUR NEXT MOVE BEFORE YOU MAKE IT, DAPHNE!!

NO PROBLEM

SO, I THINK THIS VENTILATION SHAFT WOULD BE THE BEST WAY TO GET THROUGH IT?

HYUNG BUBBINS



WE'RE
ALMOST
THERE,
RITA!
JUST A
COUPLE
MORE FEET
TO GO!

SWEET.

F FUCK!!
J-JUST
ONE
MORE
PULL-UP!

ERRGH!!



FINALLY THE LAST DAY
OF TRAINING COMES.

YOU GIRLS
DID VERY WELL
TODAY I THINK
WE SHOULD CALL
IT A DAY.

OH BY THE
WAY HERE'S
A GIFT
FOR YOU

AWESOME,
LET'S DO 'EM
TODAY GHT!

IN ANCIENT
TIMES SACRED
MUSHROOMS
WERE TAKEN BY
WARRIORS TO
INDUCE A STATE
OF CONSCIOUSNESS
THAT WOULD
ALLOW THEM TO
PERFORM CERTAIN
TASKS OR LEARN
SPIRITUAL
LESSONS.

THEY WILL
CLEAR YOUR
MINDS AND
PREPARE YOU
MENTALLY FOR
THE MISSION
YOU MUST
FACE.

WOW!
MUSHROOMS!
THANKS
DAD!

AND SO LATER
THAT DAY GHT.

MAN,
I FEEL
FUCKIN' GREAT
THIS IS
TOTALLY WHAT
I NEEDED!
Hee-hee-
hee!

Hee-hee...
I KNOW
I'M LIKE... SO...
HBA... SO
FRODO
RIGHT NOW.

OH WOW.
WHOA!

DAPHNE
ARE YOU OKAY?
HEH, YOU DON'T
LOOK SO
GOOD.



WHOOOAH!
I'M... I'M BEEN
SOME MAD SHIT
RIGHT ABOUT
NOW.

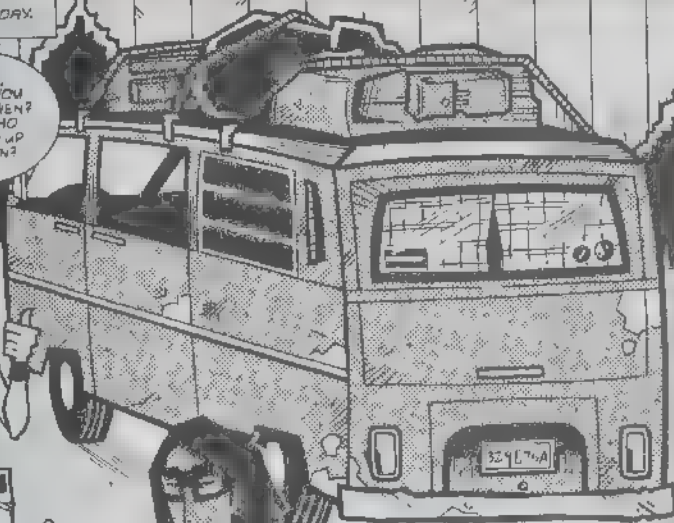
THE
GODDAMN
SKY IS
MELTIN',
N'SHIT!!

HA-HA-HA!
YOU'RE RIGHT,
IT IS!!!
WOOOOOOOO!
YEA'!

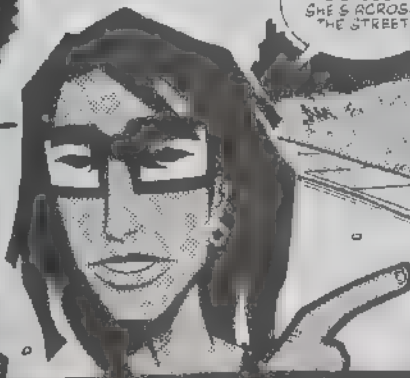
thee-bee-bee-bee

THE NEXT DAY.

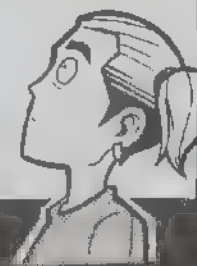
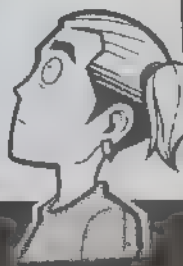
RITA,
HAVE YOU
SEEN GWEN?
SAY WHO
PACKED UP
THE VAN?

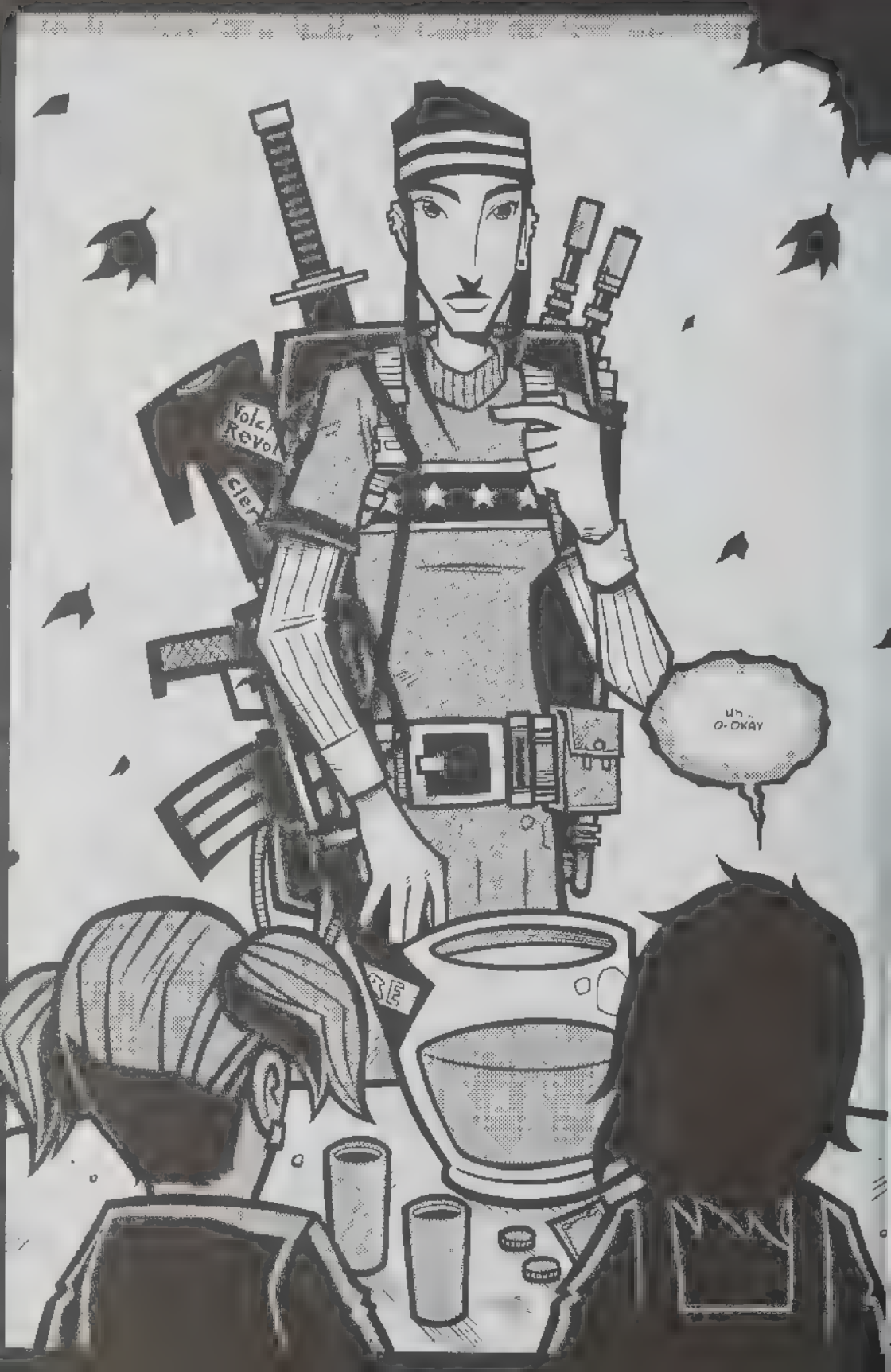


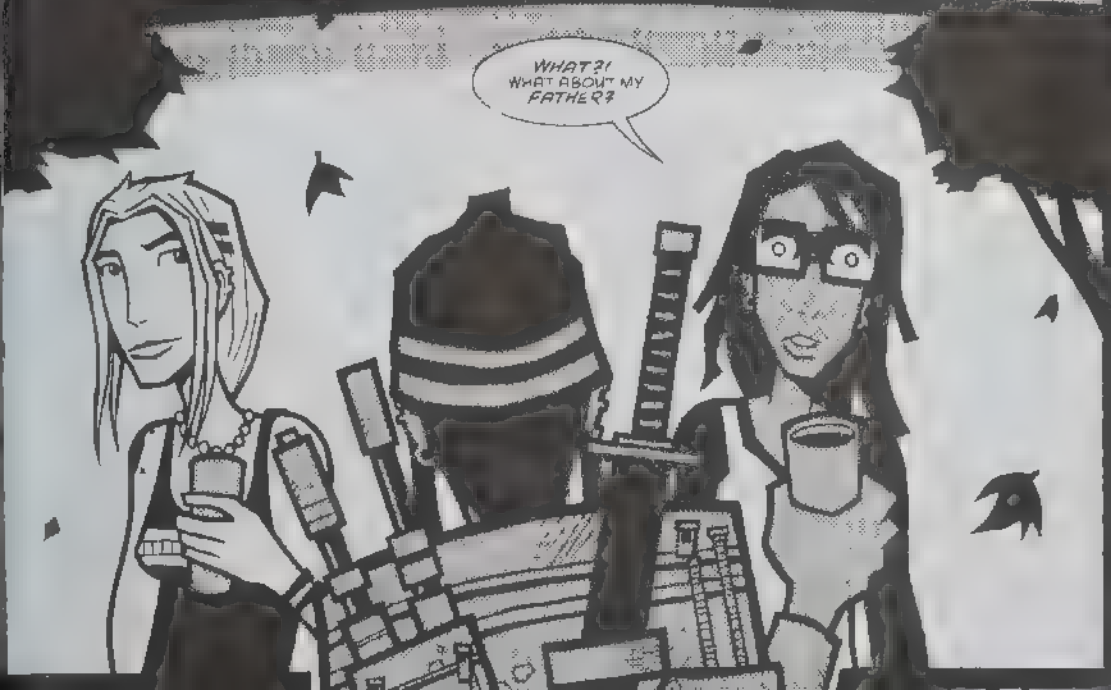
GWEN DD
I GUESS
SHE'S ACROSS
THE STREET



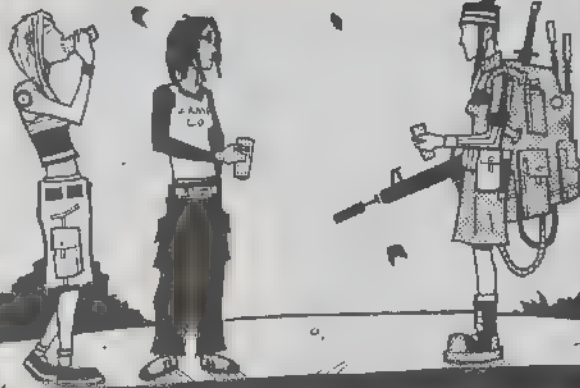
YEAH
THREE LEMONADES
TO GO KEEP
THE CHANGE







WE'RE
GOING
WITH
YOU.



WE'VE ALL
GOT SCORES TO
SETTLE WITH
NYKKE AND THE
BROTHERHOOD OF
THE CRACKER
THAT ME, ALL
THOSE DEVILS
WILL PAY!



GREAT
I CALL
SHOTGUN!



TO BE CONCLUDED...

chapter four





Chapter four gallery by
Adam Warren and Xtime

CREAK CITY, 1984

MS. SANCHEZ, I ASKED YOU TO COME HERE TODAY TO DISCUSS THE LATEST DISCIPLINARY PROBLEMS WE'VE BEEN HAVING WITH YOUR DAUGHTER, DAPHNE.

AS YOU KNOW, THIS ISN'T THE FIRST TIME WE'VE HAD--

CUT TO THE CHASE MR. ALLEY. I DON'T MEAN TO BE RUDE, BUT I'M A VERY BUSY WOMAN. I'M MISSING AN IMPORTANT MEETING WITH A CLIENT FOR THIS. WHAT'S DAPHNE DONE THIS TIME?

I DIDN'T DO NOTHING, MOMMY!

DAPHNE, QUIET!

WELL, IT SEEMS THAT DAPHNE WAS INVOLVED IN A FIGHT WITH THREE OF HER CLASSMATES AT LUNCH TODAY.

THEY STARTED IT!

DAPHNE!!

THREE BOYS WERE PUNISHING DAPHNE AT THE LUNCH TABLE. SHE GOT MAD AND INFLECTED PHYSICAL VIOLENCE ON TWO OF THEM. LITTLE JOEY LARKIN WAS HIT OVER THE HEAD WITH A LUNCH TRAY. RONNIE HARVIN WAS SCALDED WITH HOT SOUP, AND POOR BEN WALKER HAD A HOT DOG SHOVELED UP HIS...

...WELL, MR. YOU SEE WHERE I'M GOING WITH THIS.

SO, WHAT'S YOUR POINT? IT SOUNDS LIKE THESE LITTLE BRATS INITIATED THE CONFRONTATION AND MY DAUGHTER MERELY RETALIATED BY DEFENDING HERSELF.

SOUNDS TO ME LIKE THESE BULLIES GOT WHAT THEY DESERVED.

MS. SANCHEZ, YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS! YOU SHOULD FEEL EXTREMELY LUCKY THAT NONE OF THESE BOYS' PARENTS ARE PRESSING CHARGES AGAINST YOU! OBVIOUSLY THERE'S SOME DISCIPLINARY PROBLEMS AT HOME THAT--

--sniff! sniff!

WHAT THE--?!

DAPHNE! NO!!

YEAH!! BURNIN' DOWN THE HOUSE!! BURNIN' DOWN THE HOUSE!! JUST LIKE ON MTV!! 365 DEGREES!! BURNIN' DOWN THE HOUSE!!

THAT'S IT!

YOUR DAUGHTER IS EXPELLED FROM THIS SCHOOL! GET THE HELL OUTTA MY OFFICE AND TAKE THAT DEMON-CHILD WITH YOU!!

SHE'S A GODDAMNED PUBLIC NUISANCE, AND...

"SHE'S NEVER GOING TO AMOUNT TO ANYTHING!"

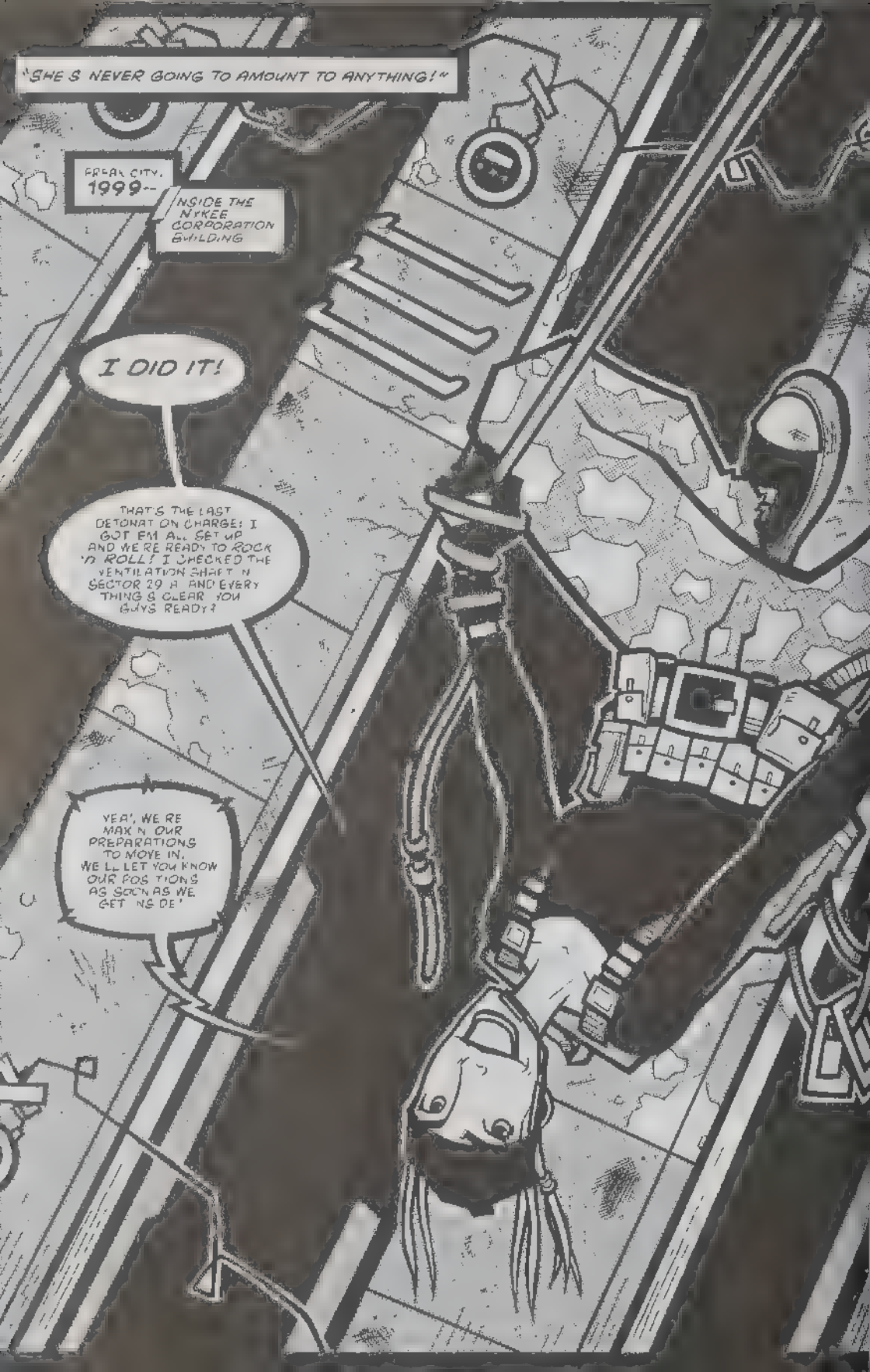
FREAK CITY,
1999--

INSIDE THE
MYKEE
CORPORATION
BUILDING

I DID IT!

THAT'S THE LAST
DETONAT ON CHARGE! I
GOT EM ALL SET UP
AND WE'RE READY TO ROCK
'N ROLL! I CHECKED THE
VENTILATION SHAFT IN
SECTOR 29 A AND EVERY
THING'S CLEAR. YOU
GUYS READY?

YEA, WE'RE
MAX'N OUR
PREPARATIONS
TO MOVE IN.
WE'LL LET YOU KNOW
OUR POSITIONS
AS SOON AS WE
GET INSIDE!



THIS IS A FOOD ONE / ONI PRESS TYPE JOINT

UNOFFICIAL SOUNDTRACK

PAUCE PRINCE - MUM
PAUL THE EYES
OTOMAN - ADAMS
MADONNA - ADAMS
WUOD - ADAMS
QUANUM SPECTRUM
THE DEATS
MR PUMA
MOS DEF
BIAHON



OKAY I JUST
GOT THE
GREEN LIGHT
FROM DAPHNE
& EVERYBODY
READY?



YEAH..

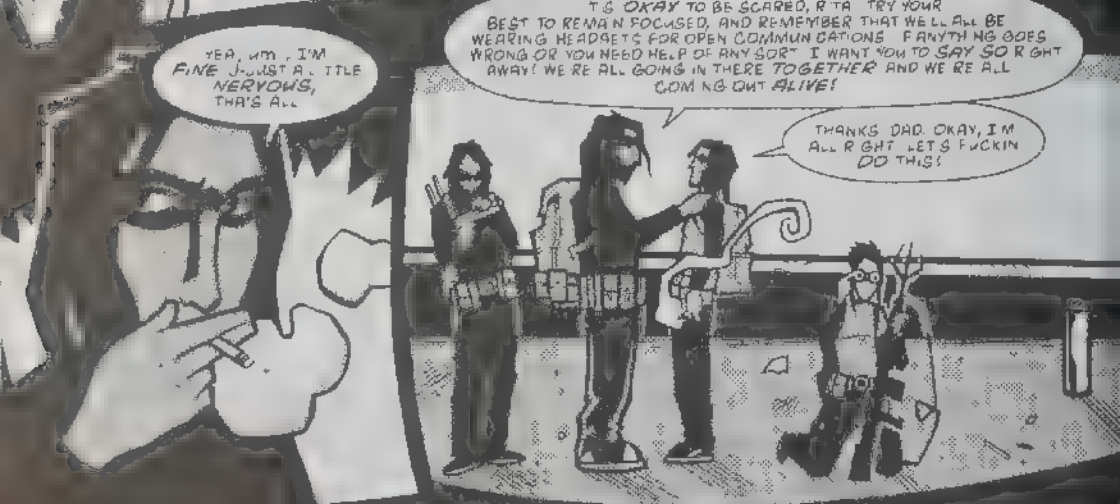
I'M
DEFINITELY
LOOKING
FORWARD TO
SEEING MY
OLD FRIEND,
PHILLIP
AGAIN



HEY GWEN
& MME A
DRAG OFF
THAT
SMOKE

SINCE
WHEN
DO YOU
SMOKE
CIGARETTES?

ARE YOU
OKAY?



YEA, UM.. I'M
FINE JUST A LITTLE
NERVOUS,
THAT'S ALL

IT'S OKAY TO BE SCARED, R.T.A. TRY YOUR
BEST TO REMAIN FOCUSED, AND REMEMBER THAT WE'LL ALL BE
WEARING HEADSETS FOR OPEN COMMUNICATIONS. FANYTHING GOES
WRONG OR YOU NEED HELP OF ANY SORT I WANT YOU TO SAY SO RIGHT
AWAY! WE'RE ALL GOING IN THERE TOGETHER AND WE'RE ALL
COMING OUT ALIVE!

THANKS DAD. OKAY, I'M
ALL RIGHT LET'S FUCKIN
DO THIS!



HERE GOES

KAPOW!

GOT IT!

DAPHNE,
WE'RE IN

GOT IT!

WHICH
FLOOR'S
NYKEE'S
OFFICE
ON 2

I DON'T KNOW
YET. WE'RE
GONNA HAVE TO GO
FLOOR BY FLOOR
TO FIND IT

GREAT

WHEN I
YOU MAKE A
RIGHT AT
THE FIRST
CROSS
SECTION
YOU'LL END UP
ON THE SIXTH
FLOOR

RTA CAN
GO LEFT AND
HIT THE
SEVENTH
FLOOR AND
THE BOYS CAN
KEEP GOIN'
TILL THEY
REACH THE
EIGHTH.

DAPHNE, GIVING US
DIRECTIONS?

DAMN,
SHE'S
ACTUALLY
DOIN'
SOMETHIN'
RIGHT FOR A
CHANGE

HEY!
I HEARD
THAT
BITCH!

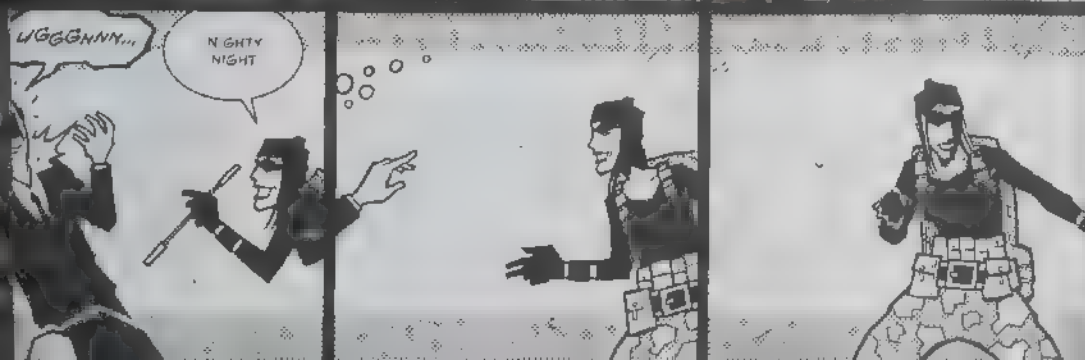
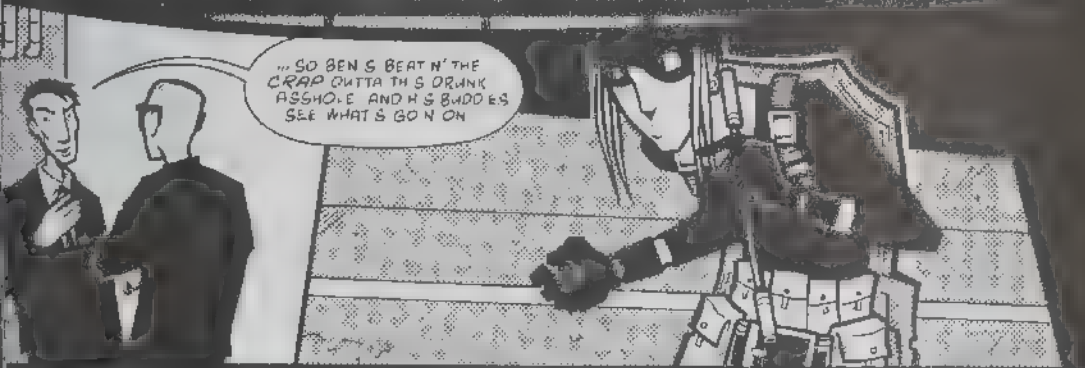
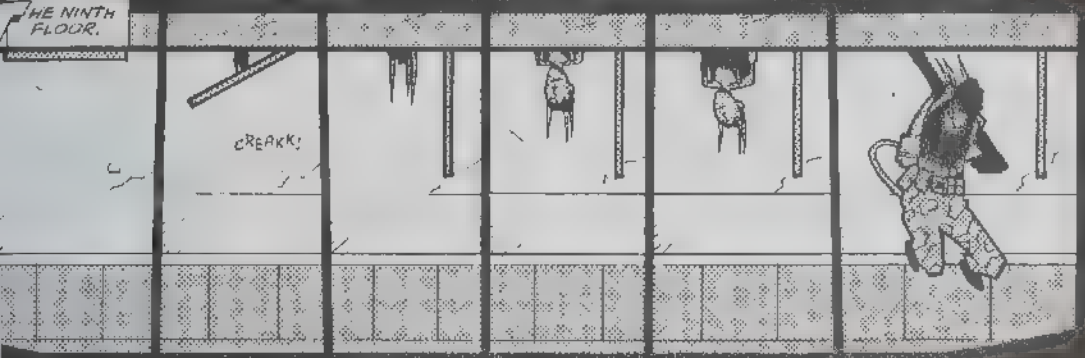
I'M JUST
GIVIN' YOU
SHIT

WHATEVER

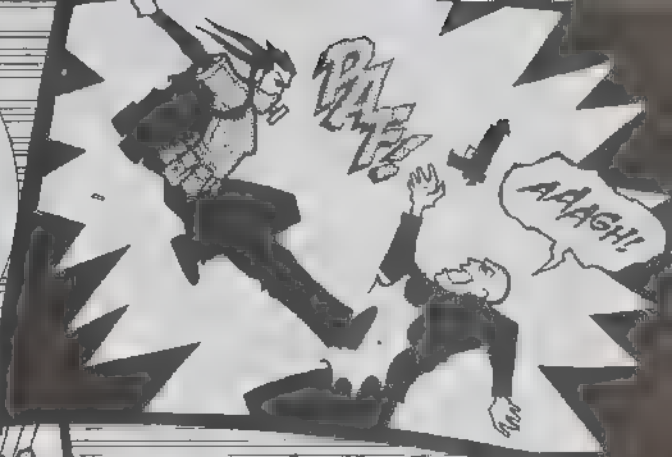
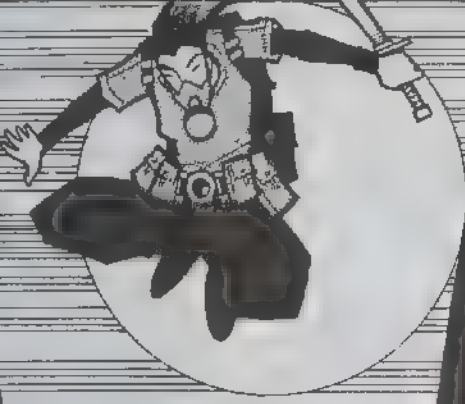
I'M GETTIN
OUTTA THIS
AREA AND
ENDING THE
NINTH
FLOOR

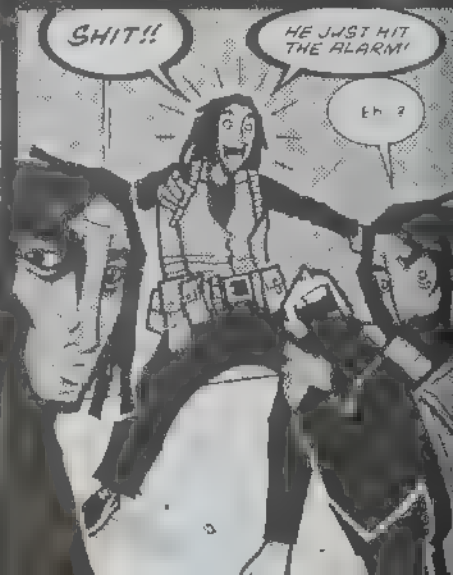
SO LISTEN
WE'RE ALL BOUND
TO RUN INTO
SECURITY GUARDS AND
WHO KNOWS WHAT
ELSE. EVERYONE BE
EXTREMELY QUIET
AND USE SILENT
WEAPONS
ONLY

AGREED









NYKEE'S OFFICE TOP SECRET MEETING ROOM FOR THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE CRACKER...

WH CH BR NGS US TO THE ISSUE OF THE FOREIGN MARKETS THAT..

WOOP!
WOOP!
WOOP!
WOOP!
WOOP!
WOOP!
WOOP!
WOOP!
WOOP!

WHAT THE HELL?!

IT'S THE SECRET ALARM, SIR!

THERE'S BEEN A SECURITY BREACH!

TURN ON THE MONITORS! HURRY!!

IT'S ONE OF THOSE GRRL SCOUTS BITCHES!! I THOUGHT THAT SITUATION HAD BEEN TAKEN CARE OF!! I THOUGHT YOU IDIOTS SAID--

..WAIT A MINUTE! WHO'S THS?? NO!! IT CAN'T BE...

WEEDOP!WEEDOP!WEEDOP!

RAHZEL, 2x2

WHO?!

IT DOESN'T
MATTER RIGHT NOW!!

SECURITY,
WE'VE GOT A
MAJOR PROBLEM
ON THE SEVENTH
FLOOR! GO TAKE
CARE OF IT!!
NOW!!!

KLYK!

WEEEDOP!WEEEDOP!WEEEDOP!

GWEN!
DAPHNE!
WE'VE GOT A
B TO A
SITUATION
HERE...

YEAH?
WHAT'S
THAT?

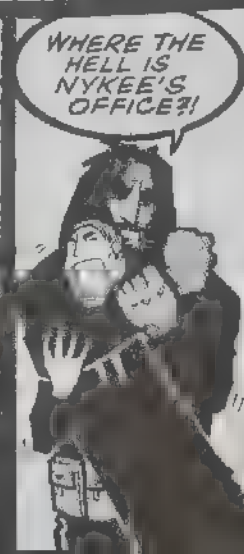
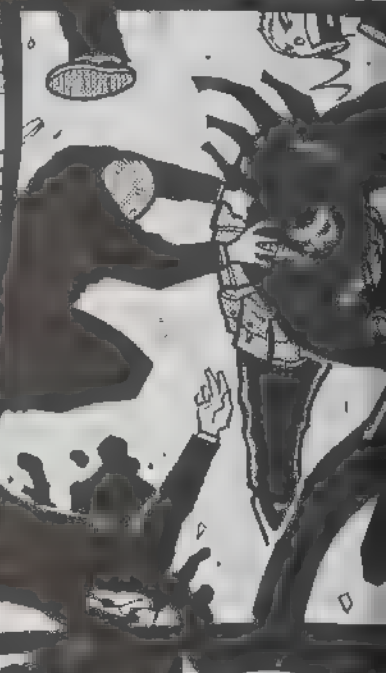
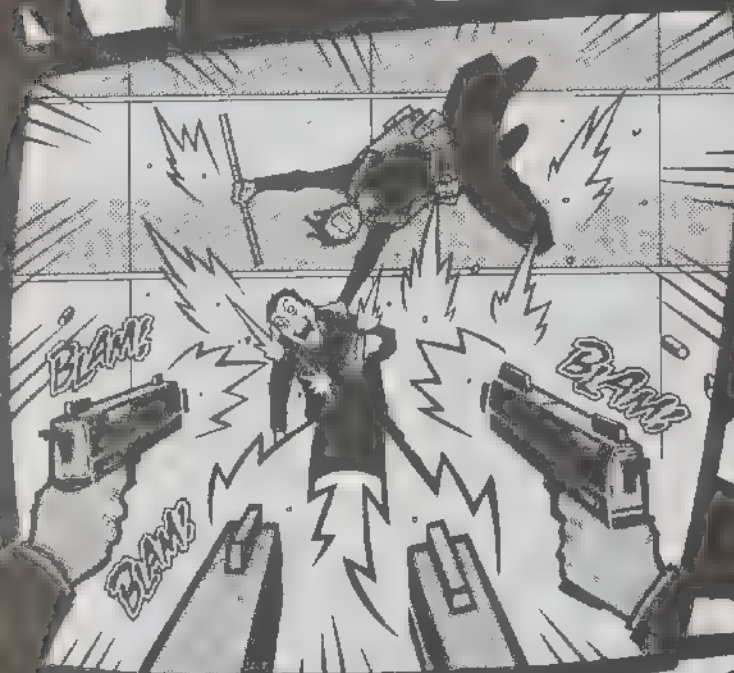
THEY KNOW WE'RE HERE!
A GUARD TRIPPED THE
SILENT ALARM!

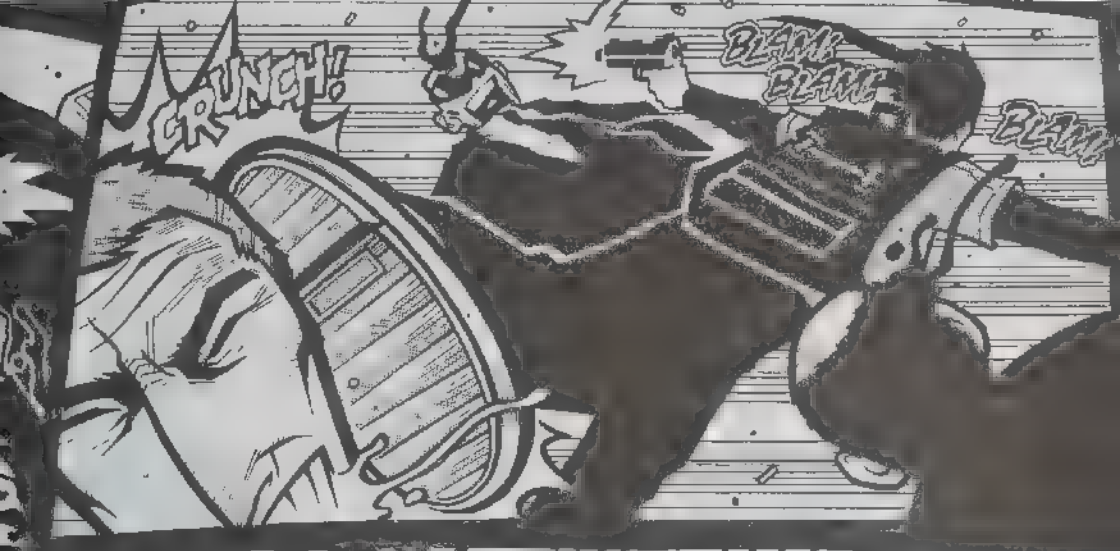
SHIT!

WE'RE ON
OUR WAY!

WEEEDOP!WEEEDOP!WEEEDOP!







THE OFFICE IS ON
THE TWELFTH FLOOR
AND THE SECUR TY
CODE IS 032976.

THANKS!

MAKE SURE YOU PRESS
EXTRA HARD ON THE KEY
PAD 'CAUSE SOMETIMES
THE BUTTONS HAVE A
TENDENCY TO STICK. IF
THAT CODE DOESN'T WORK
FOR YOU, TRY 192346! ANY
THING ELSE YOU NEED TO KNOW?

SECUR TY WHAT'S
THE STATUS OF THE
SITUATION
DOWN THERE?

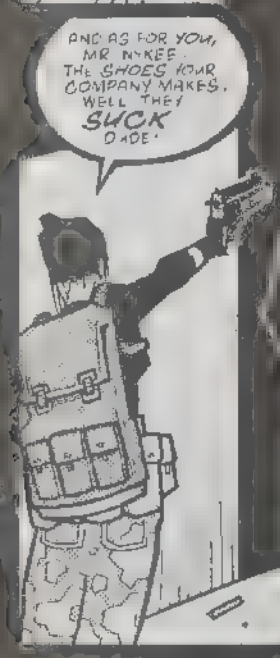
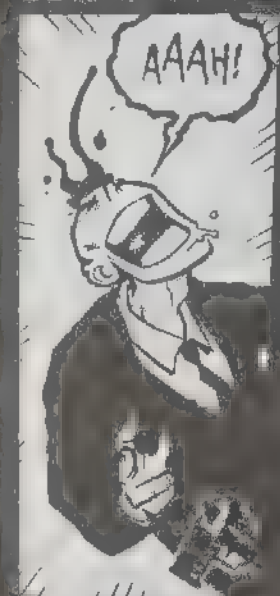
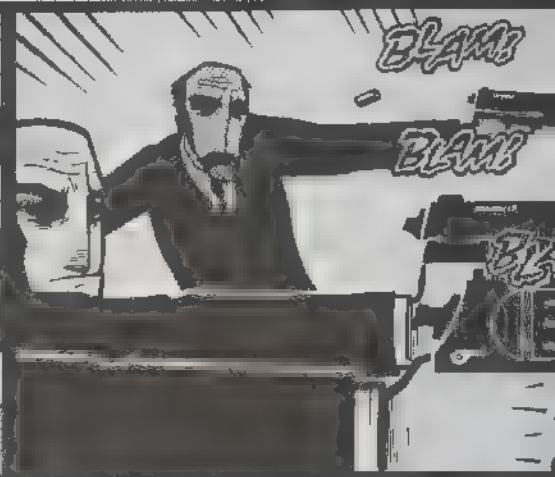
SECURITY?!
HELLO?!?!

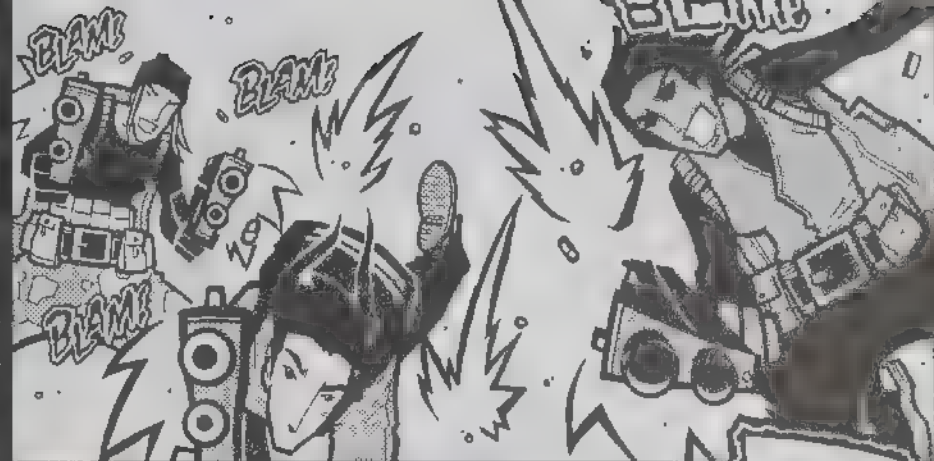
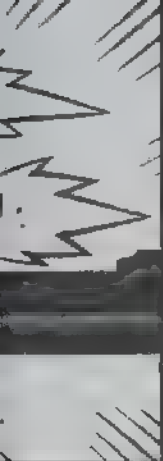
PHILLIP!
THEY'RE
RIGHT
OUTSIDE
THE...

DOOR

KA-
BOOM!







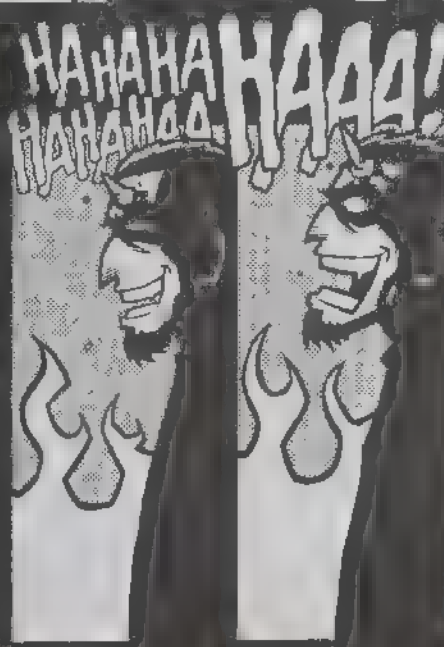
WHERE
YOU
GOIN'?



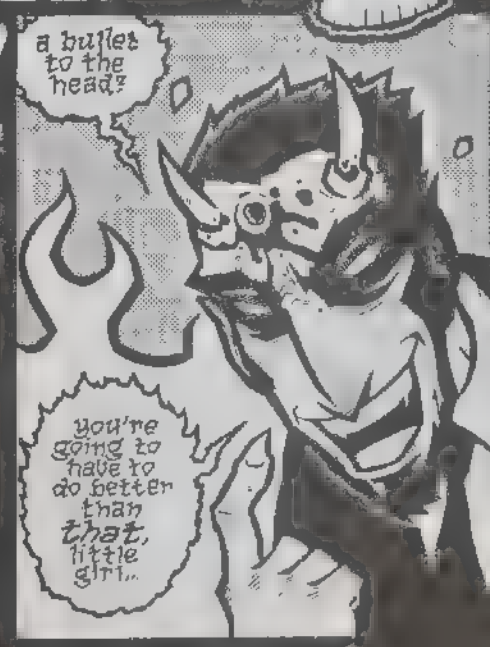
SHHH... S-SURELY, YOU
W-W-WOULDN'T SH-SH-
SHOOT A A-A
MAN OF THE
F-F-F- FAITH.



I WON ON -
HAVE THOUGHT
SO & THERE
BUT HERE
WE ARE

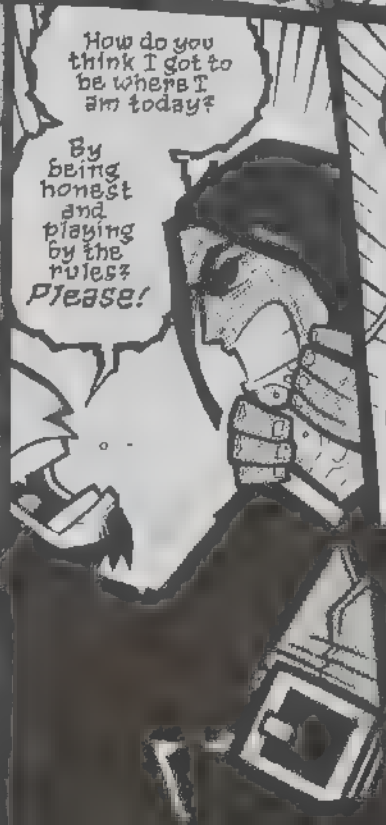
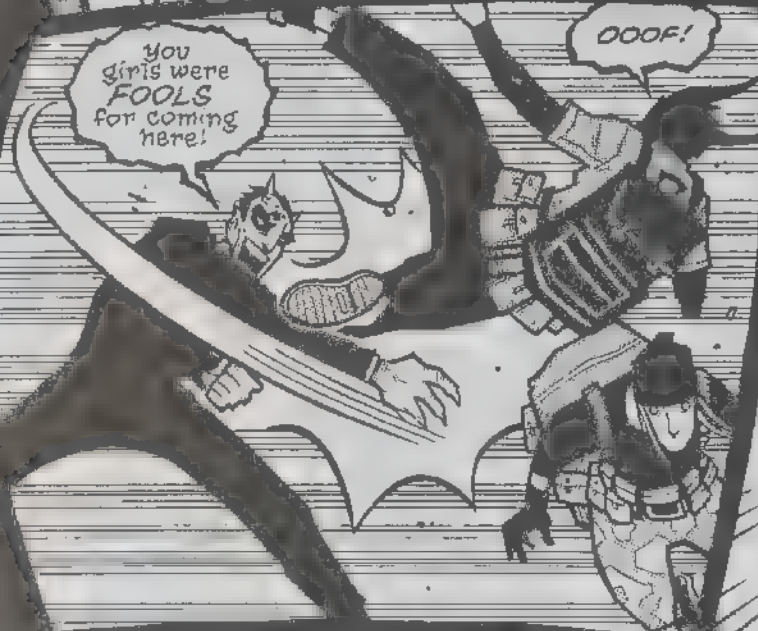


Heh.



a bullet
to the
heads?

you're
going to
have to
do better
than
that,
little
girl...



PUT MY
DAUGHTER
DOWN



KATZET!
Good to
see you,
old friend!
So, this is
your
daughter,
huh?



How
appropriate

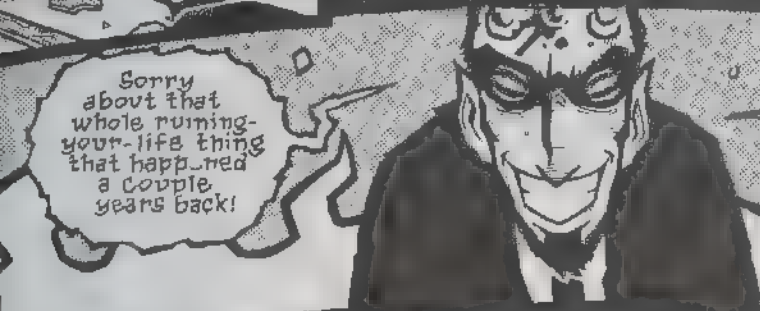
Funny,
I thought you'd
be dead by now,
old man!



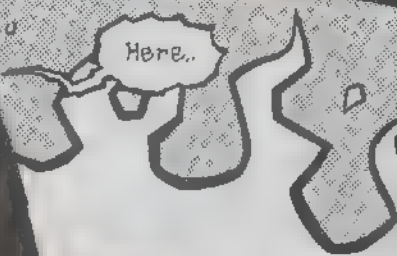
NOT
QUITE



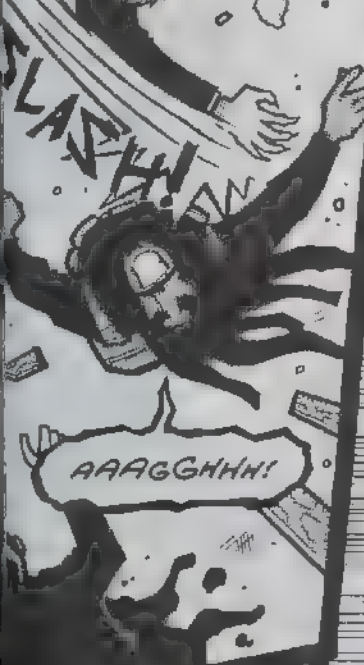
Sorry
about that
whole ruining-
your-life thing
that happened
a couple
years back!



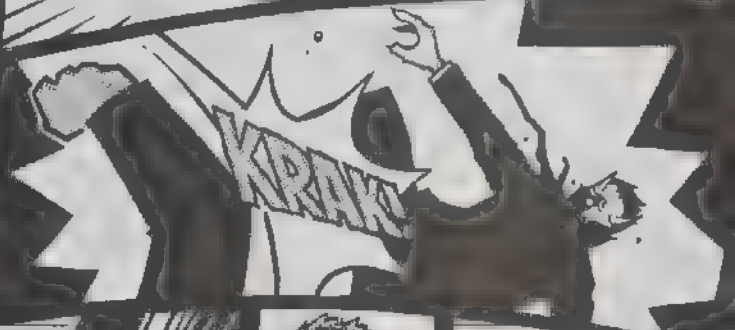
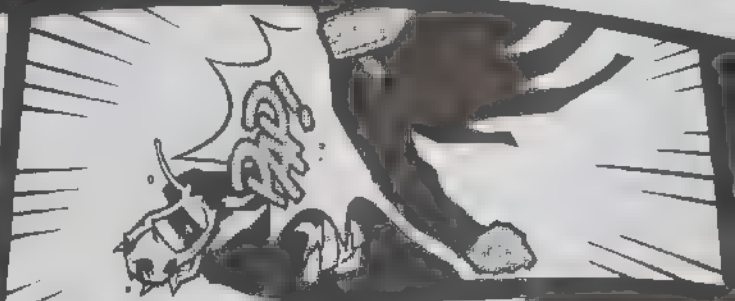
Here..



Let
me make
it up to
you!



AAAGGHHH!



I'VE BEEN
WAITING A
LONG TIME
FOR THIS,
DEVIL!

SWOOSH!

AAAAARRGGHHH!



FRY, YA
CORPORATE
COCKSUCKER!!
FRY!!

C'MON!
LET'S GET
THE FUCK
OUTTA
HERE!

HURRY!

LET'S GO!
LET'S GO!

NO
PROBLEM

KLK!

DAPHNE
DETONATE
THE CHARGES
NOW!

BOOM!

**FUCK
YEAH!**

DOWN WITH THE
NYKEE CORPORATION,
BABY!!! BURN,
YA FUCKERS!
BURN!!!





WE DID IT!

YOU BET YOUR ASS WE DID!

GUYS ALL R GHTZ?

YEAH

SHIT!! THE FUCKIN' PORK CHOP PATROL'S ON ITS WAY ALREADY!

STREET LEVEL, IN A SECLUDED ALLEY...

OTIS, BABY!

HURRY UP!

JESUS! YOU THINK YOU GUYS COULD BE A LITTLE MORE SUBTLE NEXT TIME?

THE EXPLOSIVES WERE GWEN'S IDEA

I'M FEELIN' PRETTY SAT SFED WITH THE WAY THEY WORKED OUT!

PUNCH IT, LEONARD!

THAT LL TEACH 'EM NOBODY FUCKS WITH THE GRL SCOUTS!

FUCK YEAH! LET'S GO TO THE NEAREST BAR AND GET TANKED!

DR NKS ARE ON RAHZE!

ME?! BUT I TOOK OUT NYKEE...

FNP, DR NKS ARE ON MALE K

HEY!!

THE END

THE NEXT DAY, AN ABANDONED WAREHOUSE DISTRICT ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF FREAK CITY...

HOLD STILL, JOHN! JUST ONE MORE BANDAGE!

OW!! YOU'RE MAKING THEM TOO TIGHT!

DON'T COMPLAIN, OLD MAN YOU SHOULDN'T EVEN BE ALIVE!

DO YOU THINK IT'S EASY FOR ME TO BRING PEOPLE BACK FROM THE DEAD? YOU SHOULD FEEL EXTREMELY LUCKY THAT THE CEREMONY WORKED AT ALL!

WELL, PHILLIP, IN THE MANY YEARS I'VE KNOWN YOU, I'VE SEEN YOU ACCOMPLISH SOME PRETTY AMAZING THINGS, I'VE LEARNED TO NEVER UNDERESTIMATE YOUR POWERS MY SON,

IT'S TOO BAD OUR LITTLE GRRL SCOUT FRIENDS DIDN'T DO THE SAME

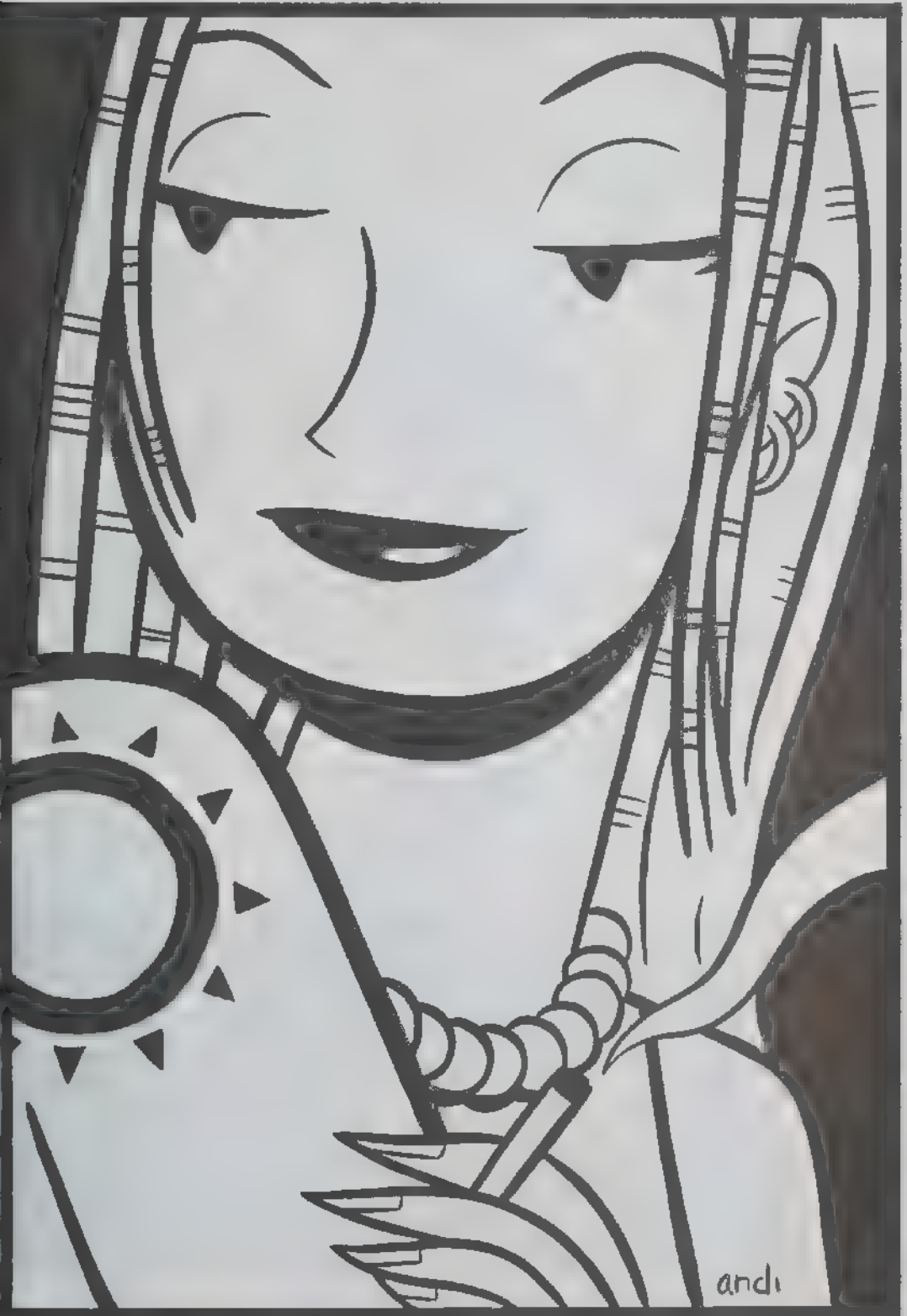
THOSE FOOLS DON'T EVEN REALIZE THAT THEY'VE SEALED THE R OWN FATES! LET THEM CELEBRATE THEIR 'VICTORY' FOR NOW! IT WILL BE A SHORT CELEBRATION, AT BEST

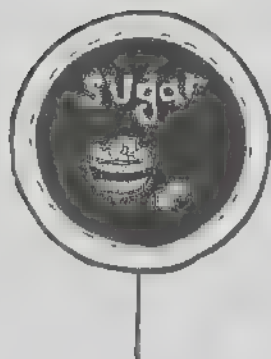
THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING OF THE CONFLICT! REST ASSURED, FATHER JOHN WE WILL HAVE OUR REVENGE!

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE CRACKER WILL RISE AGAIN!

pin-up gallery

Featuring artwork by Andi Watson, Kelley Seda, Judd Winick, Jack Gray, Nathan Fox & Troy Nixey





RitA



daPhnE



gWen



•k•

grl scouts

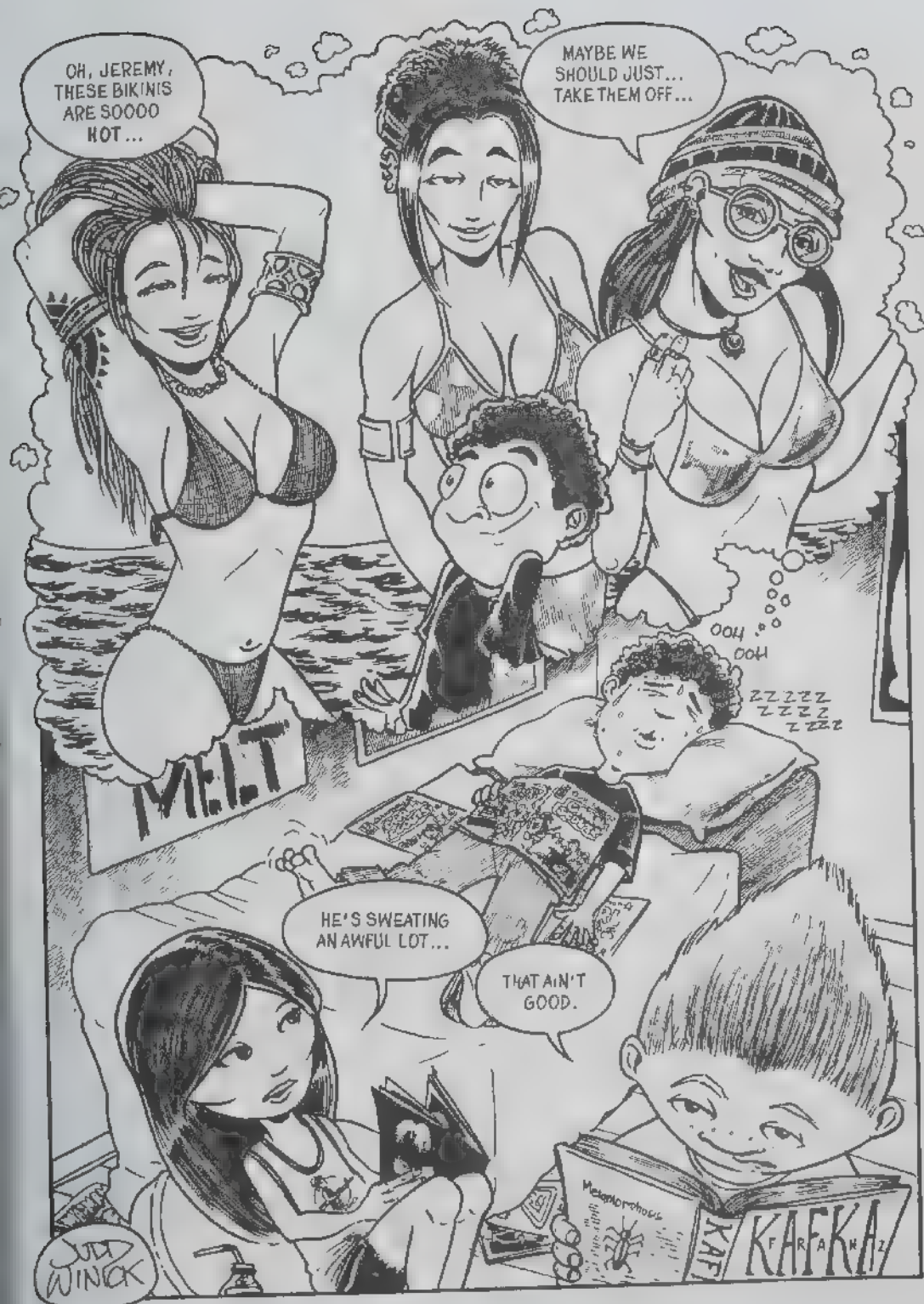
OH, JEREMY,
THESE BIKINIS
ARE SOOOO
HOT ...

MAYBE WE
SHOULD JUST...
TAKE THEM OFF...

HE'S SWEATING
AN AWFUL LOT...

THAT AIN'T
GOOD.

JUST
WINICK

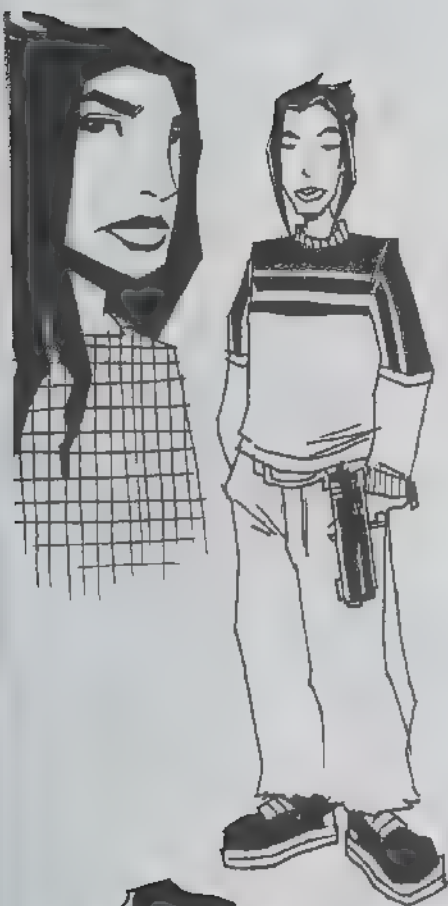






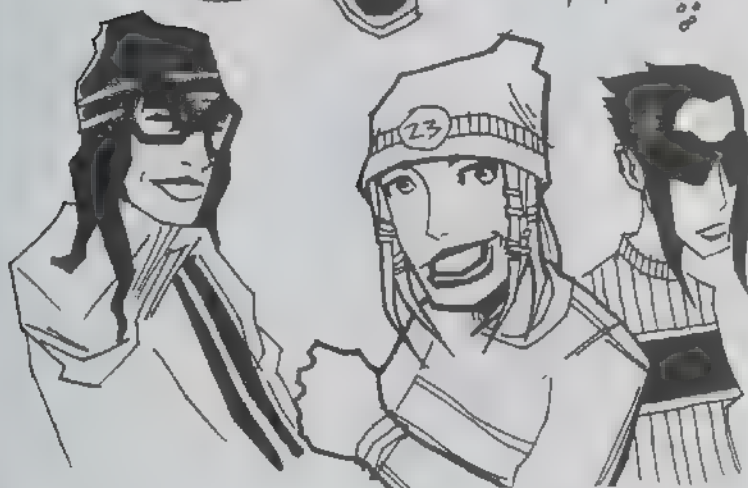


mahfood sketch gallery



GRRRL SEDUTS

AN OIL PRESS / 40% CANICS JANTOM

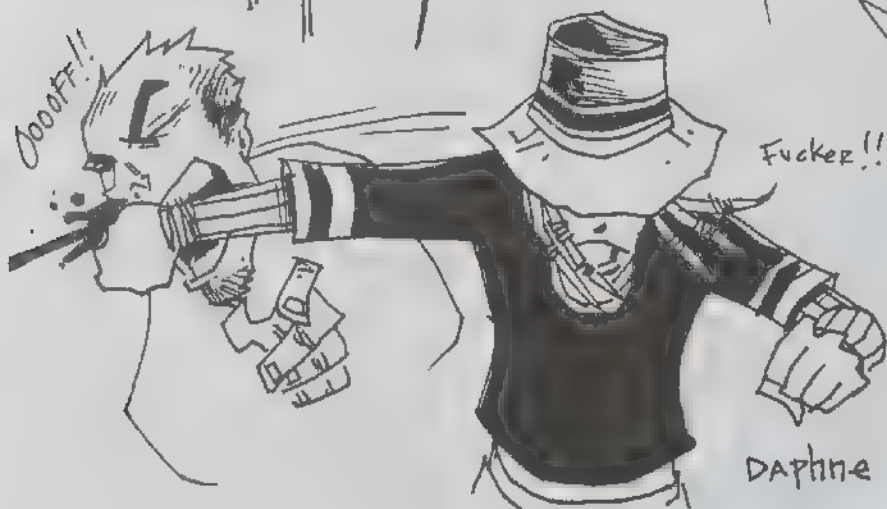




RITA



Gwen



Fucker!!

DAPHNE

①

collage
style
cover

photo
of
GRRLS

GRRLSCOUTS

rolling
papers



bullets
sh +

②

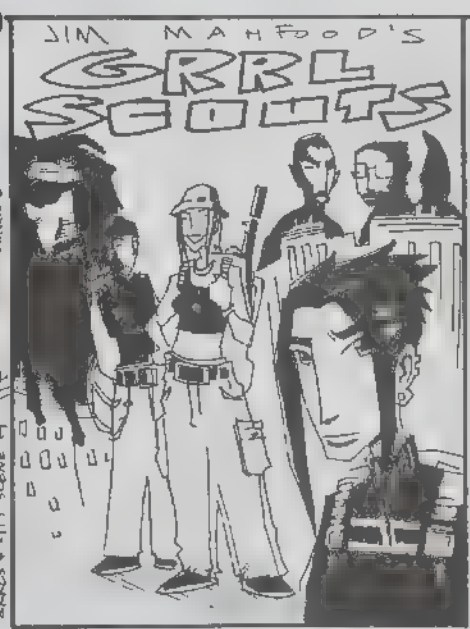
THIS ONE'S A PARODY OF THE COVER OF BUDEN'S 'RAVING HELL' ALBUM
ON PRESS



④

RAVING

GRRLS + CITY SCENE

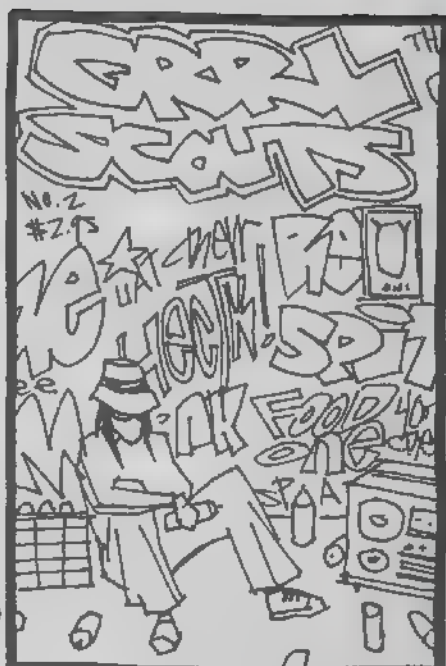


PIKES AND BROTHERHOOD & moved to the back cover
the city scene on this one was writ



①

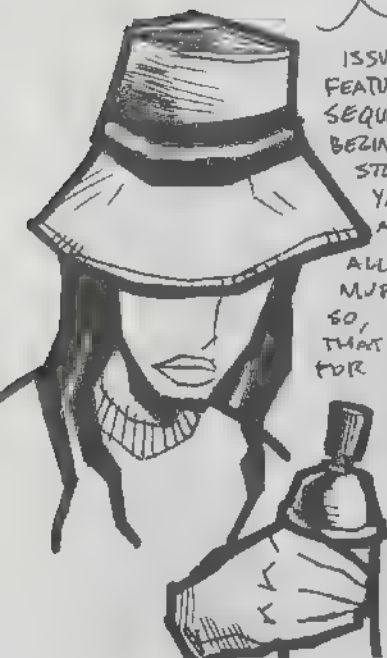
RITA SITTIN' ON CRATE IN FRONT OF BOX CAR WITH GRRL SCOUTS GRAPHITT ON CAR



ONI LOGO

②

RITA SITTIN' IN FRONT OF GRAPHITTI WALL. GRRL SCOUTS LOGO ON TOP (BOLD). THE PRICE + ONI LOGO CAN ALSO BE IN CORPORATED INTO WALL IN GRAPHITTI STYLE. SHOULD LOOK BAD ASS IN COLOR...

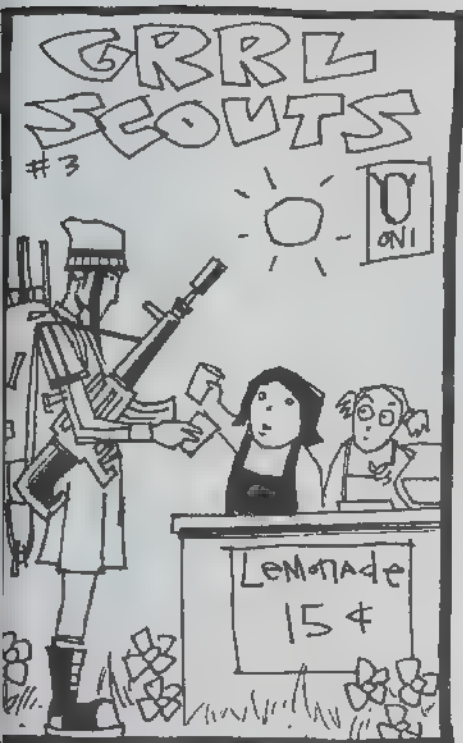


ISSUE TWO FEATURES A SEQUENCE IN THE BEGINNIN' OF THE STORY IN A TRAIN YARD. RITA, OTIS AND LEONARD ARE ALL SPRAYPAINTING MURALS ON BOX CARS. SO, I WANNA KEEP THAT GRAPHITTI THEME FOR THE COVER...



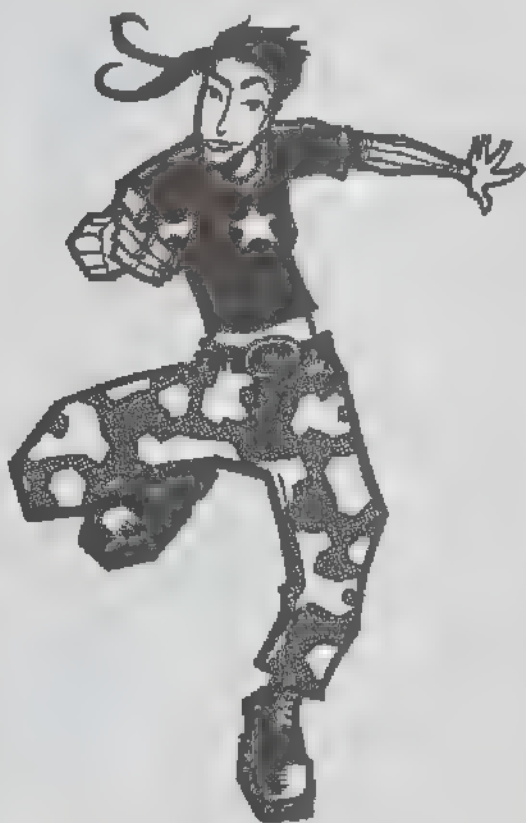
EACH ~~COVER~~ COVER WILL FEATURE A DIFFERENT GRRL SCOUT. RITA = ISSUE 2. GWEN = ISSUE 3. DAPHNE = ISSUE 4.

GRRL SCOUTS!



ISSUE 3 COVER SKETCH

GWEN is the GRRZSCOUT Featured ON COVER 3. IN this ISSUE the GRRZS ARE FORCED to Flee to the suburbs b/c OF RIVAL DRUG DEALERS IN FREAK CITY. I thought it would be FUNNY to HAVE GWEN, ARMED to the TEETH, buyin' ~~lemonade~~ lemonade FROM two cute little suburban girls...

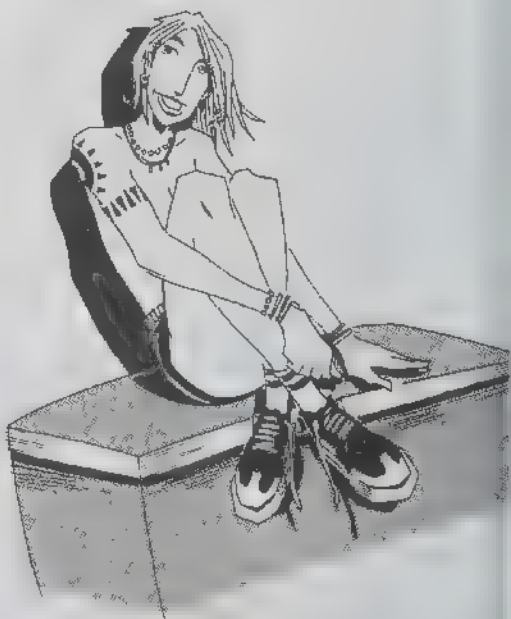




Japhne
↳



ISSUE 4 cover sketch



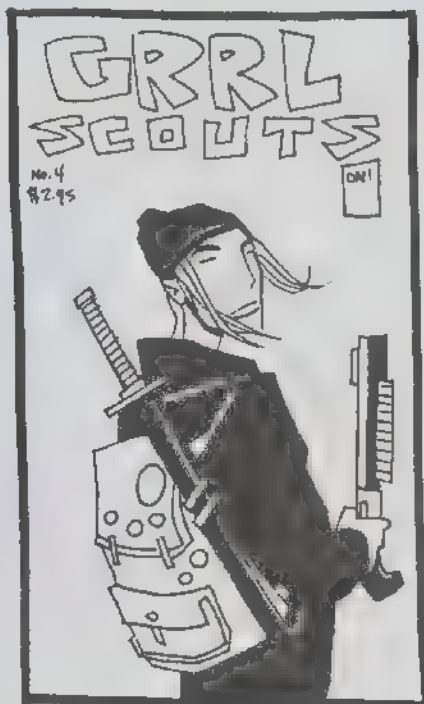
GRRL SCOUTS



↑
Black Background
Daphne's hoody could be RED
Backpack GREEN

↗
Daphne's hoody
BLACK
with colored
background,
possibly RED
or yellow..

color combos
Red w/ BLACK BG Ave cap
Blue w/ BLACK (cool)
BAG GREEN
Black w/ Red BG (mhm)



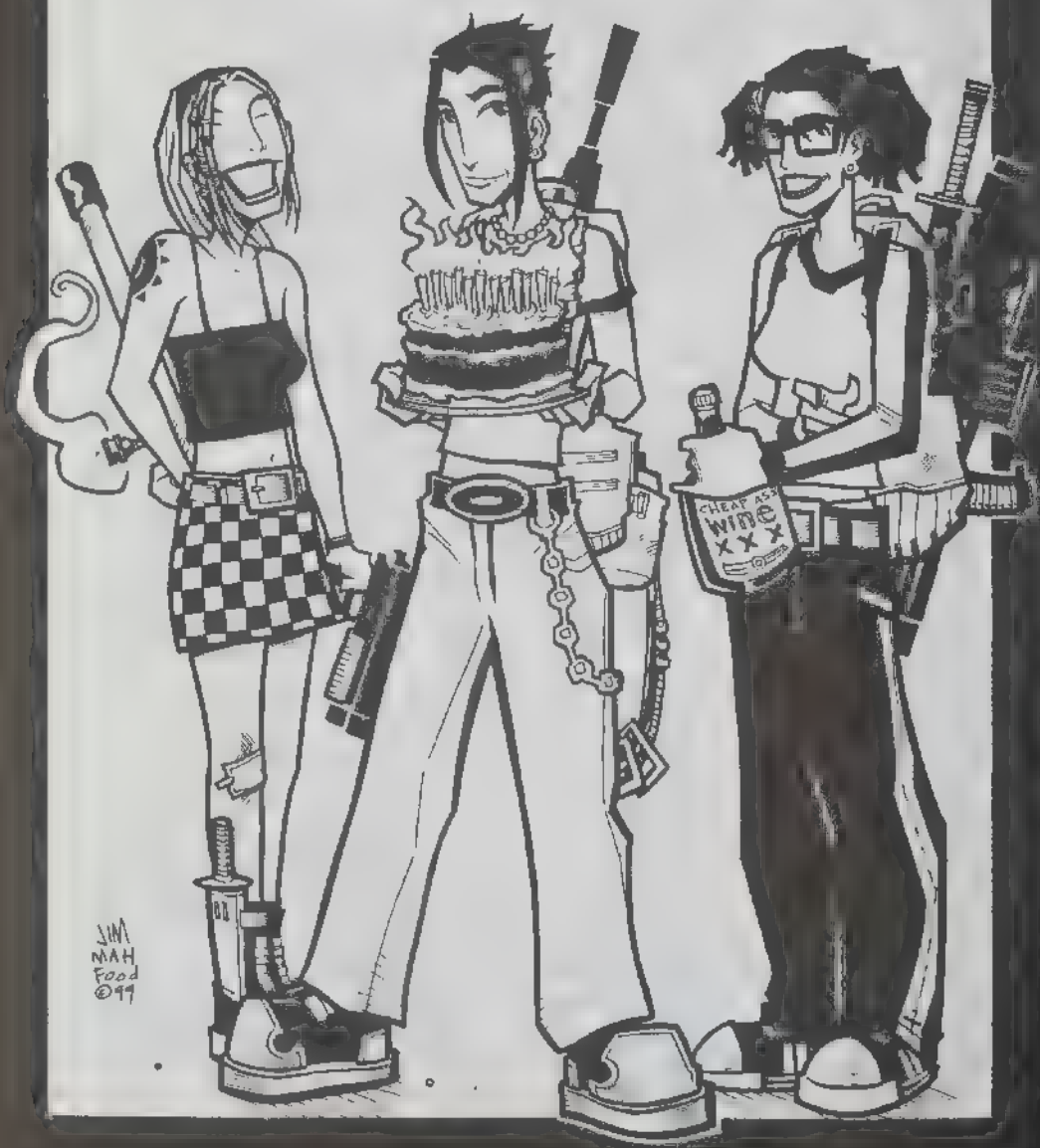
ONI BOYS-

here's cover sketch for #4. I really dig the simplicity of the piece, but I'm tryin' to figure out if I should have Daphne figure dark with light, contrasting background, or if Daphne should be light with dark background. Need some feedback on this one, please..


Thanks,
Sim



★HAPPY B-DAY★



JM
MAH
FOOD
©99



CAN YOU BELIEVE
THIS FUCKIN' SHIT,
SILENT BOB??!!
WE'RE GETTIN'
JACKED BY A
COUPLE A
GIRLS!!!

HAND OVER
THE
SMOKE.

To William
and the
whole
Atomic
Comics
crew- thanks
for everything!!

WHAFFood44



Jim Mahfood was born and raised in St. Louis, Missouri. His parents kicked him out of the house when he was eighteen, and he somehow ended up at the Kansas City Art Institute. There he met Mike Huddleston and formed 40oz Comics. In 1997, Mahfood graduated from art school, earning a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree—a piece of paper that doesn't mean anything in the real world. Mahfood's self-published comics, *Grrl Scouts* and *Cosmic Toast*, led to him getting the *Generation X Underground* special at Marvel Comics, which in turn led to him getting the *Clerks: The Comic Book* gig at Oni Press, which in turn led to him getting work in *Oni Double Feature* #s 5 and #6, which eventually led to the *Grrl Scouts* miniseries. Mahfood's current projects include the one-shot comic *Voodooom*, a collaboration that teams his character Zombie Kid up with Scott Morse's Littlegreyman; a fifteen-page Simpson's story for *Bart Simpson's Treehouse of Horror* #6 (Bongo Comics); and the *Stupid Comics* collection. Mahfood is hard at work on the *Grrl Scouts* cartoon, which will premiere at Thrave.com in the summer of 2000.

BIG THANKS TO: Mom and Dad, John, Dan, Jenny and T.J., my lil' nephew Tommy; my Bombselter brothers: DJ Z-Trip, DJ Emile, DJ Radar, and Mr. Puma; the Sonic Electrojet boys: Tyrone and Jeremy; sexy Joanna; the Oni Press gang: Joe Nozemack, Jamie S. Rich, Danny N., C.K., Steve Birch, and, of course, Bob Schreck (Uncle Bobby); my 40oz Comics family: Mike Huddleston, Kelley Seda, Paul Friswald, Nathan Fox, Paul Chatem, and crazyman Steve Willaredt; Scott Morse, Troy Nixey, Andi Watson, Judd Winick, Adam Warren, Chynna Clugston-Major and Guy, Mike and Laura Allred, Matt Wagner, Greg Rucka and Jen Van Meter, Steve Lieber, Christine Norrie, Sean Konot (nice letters, man), Jack Gray (nice colors, man), Evan Dorkin and Sarah Dyer, Paul Dini, Duncan Fegredo, the Hernandez Bros., Reid Gershbein and the whole Thrave posse, Rob Schrab, Lorenzo Lizana, Robert Sentinary at *Java Magazine*, David Salcido at *Blue Food Magazine*, Rob Wilson at *Playboy*, Spence D. at *IGN.com*, my man Dave Walker at *Bad Azz Mofo Magazine*, Jeremy McConnell and the whole Flavorpak posse, Gear and Scribe, Gasp!, Heckt and the whole UAT Crew, Thought Crime Gallery, Faith, Kelley and Lowell at In Season Deli, Rick Snailum and Logic Design, Tony Flores, C.B. Cebulski, Kimber at Stinkweeds, Ben at Eastside Records, all the retailers who order my stuff (you brave souls), all my fans that buy the books, and all the DJs, MCs, and graf' writers who contribute to and participate in underground Hip Hop culture.



MORE GREAT TITLES FROM

image
COMICS

BACKLIST

A DISTANT SOIL VOL I
THE GATHERING
ISBN: 1-887259-51-2
STAR07382

AGE OF BRONZE VOL I
A THOUSAND SHIPS
ISBN: 1-58240-2000
STAR13458

ARIA VOL I
THE MAGIC OF ARIA
ISBN: 1-58240-139-X
STAR11559

AVIGON
ISBN: 1-58240-182-9
STAR11946

BLUNTMAN AND CHRONIC
ISBN: 1-58240-208-6
STAR13070

BULLETPROOF MONK
ISBN: 1-58240-244-2
STAR16331

CHASING DOGMA
ISBN: 1-58240-206-X
STAR13071

CLERKS
THE COMIC BOOKS
ISBN: 1-58240-209-4
STAR13071

DARKNESS VOL I
COMING OF AGE
ISBN: 1-58240-032-6
STAR08526

DAWN VOL II
RETURN OF THE GODDESS
ISBN: 1-58240-242-6
STAR15771

DELICATE CREATURES
ISBN: 1-58240-225-6
STAR14906

E.V.E. PROTOMECHA VOL I
SINS OF THE DAUGHTER
ISBN: 1-58240-214-0
STAR13075

FATHOM VOL I
ISBN: 1-58240-210-8
STAR15804

G.I. JOE VOL I
REINSTATED
ISBN: 1-58240-252-3
STAR16642

GOLDFISH
THE DEFINITIVE COLLECTION
ISBN: 1-58240-195-0
STAR13576

JINX
THE DEFINITIVE COLLECTION
ISBN: 1-58240-179-9
STAR13039

KABUKI VOL I
CIRCLE OF BLOOD
ISBN: 1-88727-9-806
STAR12480

KIN VOL I
DESCENT OF MAN
ISBN: 1-58240-224-8
STAR15032

LAZARUS CHURCHYARD
THE FINAL CUT
ISBN: 1-58240-180-2
STAR12720

LEAVE IT TO CHANCE VOL I
SHAMAN'S RAIN
ISBN: 1-58240-253-1
STAR16641

LIBERTY MEADOWS VOL I
EDEN
ISBN: 1-58240-260-4
STAR16143

MAGDALENA VOL I
BLOOD DIVINE
ISBN: 1-58240-215-9
STAR15519

MAGE:
THE HERO DEFINED VOL I
ISBN: 1-58240-012-1
STAR08160

NOWHERESVILLE
ISBN: 1-58240-241-8
STAR15904

OBERGEIST VOL I
THE DIRECTOR'S CUT
ISBN: 1-58240-243-4
STAR15853

POWERS VOL I
WHO KILLED RETRO GIRL?
ISBN: 1-58240-223-X
STAR12482

RISING STARS VOL I
BORN IN FIRE
ISBN: 1-58240-172-1
STAR12207

SAVAGE DRAGON VOL I
BAPTISM OF FIRE
ISBN: 1-58240-165-9
STAR13080

TELLOS VOL I
RELUCTANT HEROES
ISBN: 1-58240-186-1
STAR12831

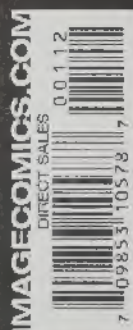
TOMB RAIDER VOL I
SAGA OF THE MEDUSA MASK
ISBN: 1-58240-164-0
STAR03000

TORSO
THE DEFINITIVE COLLECTION
ISBN: 1-58240-174-8
STAR12688

VIOLENT MESSIAHS VOL I
THE BOOK OF JOB
ISBN: 1-58240-236-1
STAR160053

WITCHBLADE VOL I
ORIGINS
ISBN: 1-887279-65-2
STAR07991

ZORRO
THE COMPLETE ALEX TOTH
ISBN: 1-58240-090-3
STAR14527



For The Comic
Shop Near You
Carrying Comics
And Collections
From Image
Comics, Please
Call Toll Free
1-888-Comic Book.

ALTERNATIVE

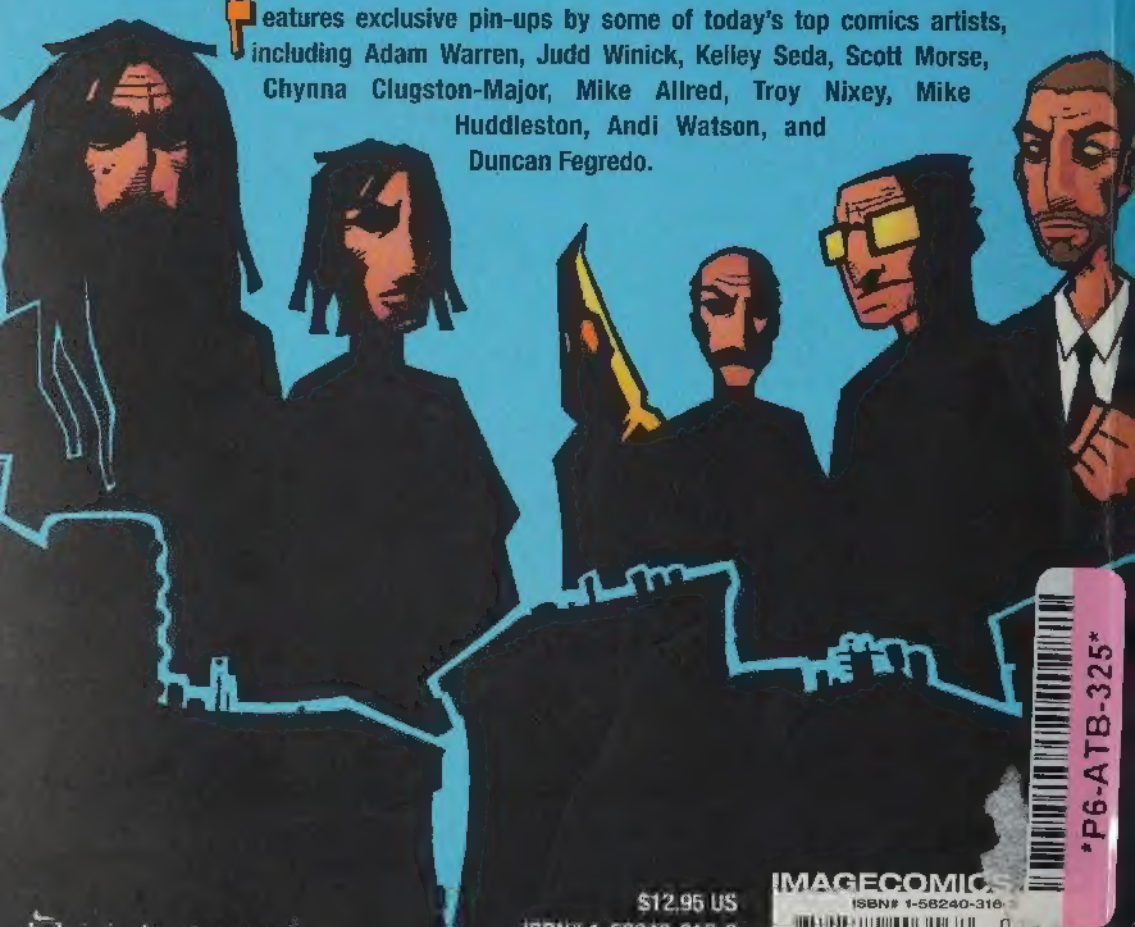
Grrrl Scouts

Cute, independent, and full of attitude, Gwen, Daphne, and Rita are three girls trying to do what they can to survive in Freak City. From expressing themselves through graffiti or cutting loose on the dance floor, the party is raging - that is, until the Brotherhood of the Cracker catches wind of the good time and decides to crack down. The Brotherhood is an evil alliance that controls the world's power structure from behind the scenes, and they don't like the

Grrl's subversive nature. Before they know it, the Grrls are being hunted by assassins and are on the run for their lives. From the comics shop and night clubs to homogenized suburbs and the ivory towers of corporate greed, Grrl Scouts is an action-packed, hip-hop comics adventure that attacks society with both fists and never stops punching.

Jim Mahfood is the creator of Zombie Kid and the artist on Marvel Comics' Generation X Underground and the Clerks comic books by indie film director Kevin Smith. this trade paperback collects his first major solo effort, Grrl Scouts, into one volume for the first time, and contains a special peek into his sketchbook and eccentric creative process.

Features exclusive pin-ups by some of today's top comics artists, including Adam Warren, Judd Winick, Kelley Seda, Scott Morse, Chynna Clugston-Major, Mike Allred, Troy Nixey, Mike Huddleston, Andi Watson, and Duncan Fegredo.



Image

\$12.95 US
ISBN# 1-58240-316-3
GRRL SCOUTS VOL. I

IMAGECOMICS
ISBN# 1-58240-316-3
9 781582 403168
P6-ATB-325